

Charlotte Longstreet

**P O E M**  
**O N**  
**SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

**By the Reverend Mr JOHN FOMBERT.**

**V I Z.**

- 1. The CHOICE.**
- 2. LOVE Triumphant over REASON.**
- 3. CRUELTY and LUST.**
- 4. On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.**
- 5. A Prospect of DEATH.**
- 6. On the CONFLAGRATION, and Last JUDGMENT.**

**With some Account of**

**HIS LIFE and WRITINGS.**

**To which is added,**

**HIS REMAINS.**

**L O N D O N,**

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P O N E M S

O N

GENERAL OCCASIONS

John Thomas



MS. LIST AND WRITINGS

MS. A. 1. 1. 2

For, let what will be presented, people are  
grown ill with the sight of such things.



In short, that which would be  
being in print, and to have been  
printed as well as the rest of the country.

## P R E F A C E.

**I**T will be to little purpose, the Author  
presumes, to offer any reasons, why  
the following Poems appear in public,  
for it is ten to one whether he gives the  
true, and if he does, it is much greater odds,  
whether the gentle reader is so courteous as  
to believe him. He could tell the world, ac-  
cording to the laudable custom of prefaces,  
that it was through the irresistible importu-  
nity of friends, or some other excuse of an-  
cient renown, that he ventured them to the  
press; but he thought it much better to  
leave every man to guess for himself, and  
then he would be sure to satisfy himself.

## P R E F A C E

But, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a mistake and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing Poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What equals the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

SOME persons, perhaps, may wonder, how things of this nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to His Grace, or Right

# P R E F A C E

**Illustration:** For, if a Poem does not do for my Lord's partage, the Author will give it is no less than ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the Poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: For, indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an Author can receive from it.

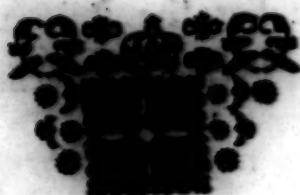
To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please no body, would be as new: For even Quarles and Wythers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious many; nor of so mor-

# PREFACE

is not a matter, not to wish it from the dis-  
tressing fear. It is not the multitude of ap-  
plauders, but the good sense of the applaud-  
ers, which establishes a valuable reputation;  
and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well,  
he will not at all be solicitous how great the  
majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON,

Anno 1699.





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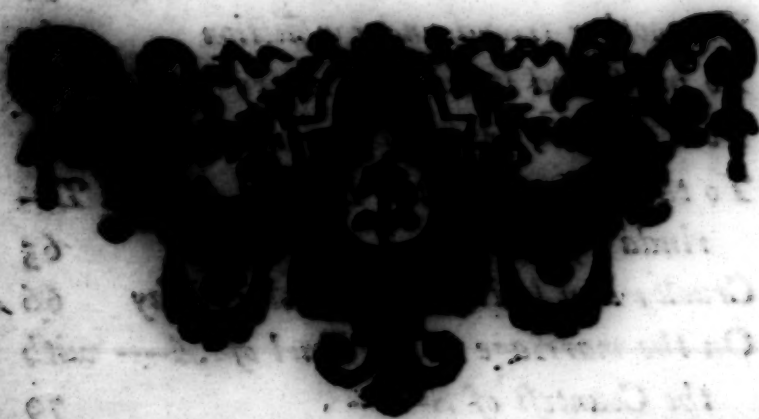


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# P O E M S

O N

## Several Occasions.

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### THE CHOICE

**I**F heav'n the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might choofe my method how to live;  
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,  
In blifful ease and fatisfaction spend.

NEAR some fair town I'd have a private feat,  
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:  
Better, if on a rising ground it flood;  
On this fide fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.  
It fhould within no other things contain,  
But what are useful, neceffary, plain:  
Methinks 'tis naufeous; and I'd ne'er endure  
The needlefs pomp of gaudy furniture.

# THE CHOICE.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
 That I might live genteely, but not great :  
 As much as I could moderately spend ;  
 A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.  
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine  
 Too much of fortune, they should taste of mine ;  
 And all that objects of true pity were,  
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare :  
 For that our maker has too largely giv'n,  
 Should be return'd in gratitude to heav'n.  
 A frugal plenty should my table spread,  
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread ;

## THE CHOICE

Enough to satisfy and flourish even,  
To feed the stranger, and the nightingale's pen.  
Strong meat indulges vice, and paining food,  
Creates diseases and inflames the blood;  
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,  
And the bright lamp of life continue long,  
I'd freely take; and as I did possess,  
The bounteous *Author* of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd  
With the best wines each vintage could afford.  
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:  
By making all our spirits debonair,  
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.  
But as the greatest blessing heaven lends,  
May be debauch'd and serve ignoble ends;  
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice,  
Does many mischievous effects produce.  
My house should no such rude disorders know,  
As from high drinking consequently flow;  
Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,  
To the dishonour of indulgent heav'n;  
If any neighbour came, he should be free,  
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,  
In my retreat, or to himself or me.  
What freedom, prudence, and right reason, gave,  
All men may, with impunity, receive:  
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;  
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

THAT life may be more comfortable yet,  
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;

## THE CHOICE

I'd think you failed, whose company would be  
 A great addition to my misery;  
 Well born, of honour's kind to my own,  
 Illustrious, and such, as well as books have known:  
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free  
 From base behaviour, or formality:  
 Easy and pleasant; merry but not light;  
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right:  
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;  
 In nothing cool, strong, temperate, and just;  
 Obliging, open, without bustling, brave;  
 Bold in gay talking, and in sober, grave;  
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd  
 By solid reason, and let that decide:  
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;  
 Not busy meddling with intrigues of state:  
 Immune to slander, and sworn foes to spite;  
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;  
 Loyal, pious, friends to Caesar; true,  
 As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.  
 In their society I could not not miss  
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Wou'd bounteous heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse  
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose,  
 As witty Nymphs, in conversation, give)  
 Near such obliging, modest fair to live;  
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,  
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;  
 That, by a secret, but a pow'rful art,  
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart  
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason *all* her passion sway:  
 Easy in company, in private gay:



## THE CHOICE

O'er a sea, where dangers lurk,  
 Still constant to himself, and others true;  
 A soul she should have for your labours;  
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her way;  
 Courage to look bold danger in the face;  
 No fear, but only to be gently led;  
 Quick to advice, by no ambiguous path;  
 To give good counsel, or to take the best;  
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,  
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor still too much;  
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;  
 More than enough is but impertinence;  
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;  
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;  
 Averse to vanity, revenge and pride;  
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd;  
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,  
 No censure might upon her actions fall;  
 Then would e'en envy be compell'd to say,  
 She goes the least of woman's way.

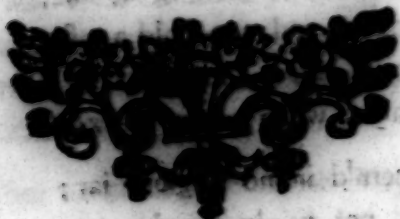
To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;  
 Her conversation would new joys inspire;  
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care,  
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare  
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.  
 But so divine, so noble a repast  
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:  
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,  
 By a too frequent and too bold a use;  
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,  
 Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no vulgar jar;  
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.



Whether I had got's no living;  
 To give my country, and the sword, my thing;  
 Whether I should, the really, blood, and not A.  
 My tongue, my pen, my sword; and my sword,  
 Love, I'd I'd I'd, with as much shadow, care,  
 As I would dare where, hungry, I'd I'd;  
 And rather put up, I'd I'd, than be  
 A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.  
 I value quiet, as a price, the gift,  
 To give for my revenge, to clear a rate:  
 For what do we by all our baffle gain,  
 But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If heav'n a date of many years would give,  
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.  
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)  
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare.  
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
 Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;  
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,  
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.  
 And when consigned to the dust I'd have  
 Few tears, but friendly dropt into my grave;  
 Then would my exit so propitious be,  
 All men would wish to live and die like me.



**L O V E**

**Triumphant over**

**R E A S O N.**

**A V I S I O N.**

**T**HOUGH gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast  
All the long night, and drove away my rest;  
Just as the dawning day began to rise,  
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes:  
But active fancy to strange regions flew,  
And brought surprizing objects to my view.

METHOUGHT I walk'd in a delightful grove,  
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.  
Each beauteous object my charmed soul amir'd,  
And I on each with equal wonder gazed;  
Nor knew which most delighted: All was fair.  
The noble product of loam grow'd sweet;  
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,  
Which myrtle, yew, and rose, and laurel made,  
I saw a person whose radiant face  
At first declar'd her goddess of the place;  
But I discover'd when I look'd on her,  
An aspect full of beauty, but severe.



**More Complaints and Laments.**

And tho' my passions are so wild,  
(For Reason's voice is almost dead)  
Yet I'll not for my sake, give up my soul  
Are to my passions, and my passions  
Into the grasp of any man,  
That I can wait and see, and they may flee.  
Fly, youth, that gaily runs;  
Ere your minutes are no more;  
For ignorance no longer can be hid,  
When once the error and the fault is known.  
You thought perhaps, as gaily youth might,  
Imprudently to value all that flies,  
In these retirements ready to pass;  
True joy, and strong immortal happiness:  
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,  
In crowds, her tributary sons appear;  
Who blindly lavish off their golden days,  
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.  
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules  
In this capacious realm of idle fools;  
Who by false hearts, and popular deceits,  
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.  
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,  
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;  
But safely to return from his abode,  
Requires the wit, the prudence of a God:  
Tho' you, who have not tasted that delight,  
Which only at a distance charms your sight,  
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:  
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.  
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,  
Is truly great; nor would I make it less;  
That were to wrong her, where she merits most;  
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.

And who would say, that I am not  
A weak, poor, and a foolish man,  
If you will say, that I am not  
(For there's no man, who is not so)  
You'll ne'er recover, but must always  
These chains you'll find it difficult to leave.  
Dull has chosen, I say; such chains would move  
Old age, and former passions to love;  
But do not venture, where such dangers lie;  
Avoid the sight of these victorious eyes,  
What pain 'twill give you do to the soul impart  
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.  
You draw, insensibly, destruction near;  
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.  
If the light pains you labour under now,  
Deliver your case, and make your spirits bow,  
You'll find 'twill be much more grievous to be borne,  
When heavier made by an imperious scorn:  
Nor can you hope, she will your passion bear  
With softer notions, or a kinder ear  
Than those of other swains; who always found  
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.  
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give  
What'er you ask, say, all you can receive;  
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,  
Being such a weak, and such a feeble joy,  
You'd have but small encouragement to boast  
The sinful pleasure worth the pains it cost.  
Consider Stephen, soberly of things,  
What strange inquietudes love always brings?  
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,  
Which still attend upon this fond disease:  
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;  
Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine:



**Love's Whimsical and Unsteady**

Commend each slender object to the wind;  
The nonsense, from it is a necessary sign;  
Servilely rail at all the disapprovers;  
And as ignominiously answer all the lovers;  
Renounce your very soul, and blast it,  
While she puts off importance for wit:  
Like setting-dog, now whapp'd for springing game,  
You must be made, by the correction, tame.  
But if you can endure the tedious rule  
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.  
You know the danger, your own method use;  
The good or evil's in your pow'r to choose:  
But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss  
On the declining of a promise;  
Where if she slips, not fate itself can save  
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?

THOU great directress of our minds, said I,  
We safely on your dictates may rely;  
And that which you have now so kindly prest,  
Is true, and, without contradiction, best:  
But with a steady sentence to controul  
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,  
While gay temptations hover in our sight,  
And daily bring new objects of delight,  
Which on us with surprising beauty smile,  
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.  
The best may slip, and the most cautious fall;  
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.  
And tho' fair Delia has my soul possess'd,  
I'll chase her bright idea from my breast:  
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,  
And Delia's charms o'er Reason does prevail,



99 Love Triumphs over Reason.

I may be, sure, some right reason has,  
Love was my sin; and Love's a duty—

Thus she rejoin'd; may you successful prove  
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:  
Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,  
You to yourself, I to my throne allow'd:  
But to confirm your courage, and inspire  
Your resolution with a bolder sin,  
Follow me, youth! I'll show you that shall move  
Your soul to curb the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,  
Which melancholly yew and cypress made;  
Where I beheld an antique pile  
Of rugged building in a narrow file;  
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,  
Like vapours steaming from a sulph'rous cell.  
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,  
O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood;  
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:  
'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.  
Before the entrance, mangled bones were spread,  
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;  
A little rubbish, loosely scatter'd o'er  
Their bodies uninter'd, lay round the door,  
No fun'ral rites to any here were paid;  
But like dead dogs into the dust convey'd.  
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,  
Thro' various turnings to a spacious vault;  
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,  
Vast crowds of wretches all debar'd from light.  
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;  
Which made the prospect more amazing sad.  
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad:

3

**Lower, throughout our ill crew.**

21

Some forming bands, and others laughing flames  
Were always taking; and some were dumb  
Here one, a dagger in his breast, lay dead;  
And quench'd with his blood his burning brand;  
There hangs a faded, and a pale man dead;  
A third lies poison'd; who still calls for aid.  
All sorts of madness, ev'ry kind of death;  
By which unhappy wretches forfeit breath,  
Were here expos'd before my wondering eyes,  
The sad effects of foolish vanity;  
Others I saw who gave me quite a shock;  
Of sense, tho' very small remains were left;  
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,  
For trusting to perjur'd human oath.  
These on the left.—Upon the right a view  
Of equal horror, equal misery too;  
Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thoughts,  
And with new wonder, new astonish brought.  
There I beheld a wretched, wretched throng  
Of pale, lean mortals; faint by death's dread throng  
On beds of straw; defenceless and poor;  
Others extended naked on the floor;  
Exil'd from human joys; here they lie;  
And know no end of misery till they die;  
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days  
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

THESE dreadful spectacles had so much pow'r,  
I vow'd, and solemnly, to live no more:  
For sure that flame is kindled from below,  
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

THEN we descended, by some few degrees,  
From this stupendous scene of miseries;

Bold Reason brought me to consider cool  
 Dark as the night chamber of the soul;  
 Here, youth, for aught, in the eternal night  
 These visions of the heart shall follow mine;  
 Still'd their own, but here, up, up, to please  
 Ambition, power, revengeful will; and  
 Who, after all their struts, prefer'd  
 Some rugged fellow of the bloody hand  
 Before these youths; who, despising, dwell  
 In agonies no human tongue can tell  
 Darker potent than the opening light;  
 And you may think the happy vale of life;  
 But my tormented eye-eyes are all with light,  
 Expiring groans, and lamentable woe,  
 So very sad, I would decline to move;  
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Turn to my griefs, said I, be pity, now  
 Conduct me back; how I can suffer my vow;  
 Which if I dare, I'll let this my fate;  
 To die thus weeped, and repeat too late  
 The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue;  
 Adieu, farewell, farewell for ever true.

Turn we return'd to the delightful grove;  
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from love.  
 You see, the cry'd, what misery attends  
 On love; and please me, I'mperiously it ends;  
 And let not that wretched passion follow  
 Your soul, which date but talking fools obey.  
 The masculine, brave spirit forms to own  
 The proud usurper of my sacred throne;  
 Nor, with idle devotion, pray,  
 To the false god of sacrifice or praise.

The Syren's song is sweet, but deadly to the ear;  
 But he is wick'd, who follows her;  
 And, if you follow her, she'll lead you to the grave;  
 As much delight, as deadly danger.  
 Ambrosia mix'd with Arsenic may be true  
 A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:  
 For tho' the latter poison may be kill'd  
 A while, it very seldom fails to kill.  
 But who'd pursue the food of gods, to die  
 Within a day, or live in misery?  
 Who'd eat with emperors, if e'er his head  
 A poniard hung but by a single thread?  
 Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,  
 And either kill, or fastid, all that eat;  
 Who, when the fatal appetite is wick'd,  
 E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admird.  
 You've promis'd, Stephen, to forsake the charms  
 Of Delia, tho' she courts you to her arms:  
 And sure I may your resolution trust;  
 You'll never want temptation, but be just.  
 Vows of this nature, youth, shall not be broke;  
 You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.  
 Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,  
 Love's conquest would be small, his triumphs few:  
 For nothing can oppose his tyranny,  
 With such a prospect of success as I.  
 Me he detests, and from my presence flies,  
 Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,  
 By which he cancels mighty wisdom's rules,  
 To make himself the deity of fools:  
 Him dully they adore, him blindly serve;  
 Some while they are fools and others while they serve;

\* The last of Democles.

For those who under this conduct lay,  
 Either come concerning us, or under this lie,  
 His charms depict, by their design infinite,  
 The love of money, and the wife of taste:  
 In vain philosophy would fix the mind,  
 At liberty, if once by him confin'd:  
 The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,  
 A while may struggle, but at last submit:  
 Well weigh'd reasons, and wise conclusions, seem  
 But empty chat, impertinence, to him:  
 His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,  
 They make all prudent application vain,  
 If therefore, you resolve to live at ease,  
 To taste the sweetness of eternal peace;  
 Would not for safety to a battle fly,  
 Or chase a shipwreck, if afraid to die;  
 Far from these pleasurable shades remove,  
 And leave the fond, inglorious toil of love.

THIS said, she vanish'd, and methought I found  
 Myself transported to a rising ground;  
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey:  
 Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,  
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,  
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring sight,  
 Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,  
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd;  
 Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise;  
 The seat of private and exalted joys.  
 At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood  
 A stately building in a spacious wood,  
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads,  
 High in the air, to shew the neighb'ring meads;  
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,  
 In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.



I was not born to be a king  
Nor to be crowned with a golden ring  
Nor to be seated on a throne of state  
Nor to be called the Lord of all the great  
But I was born to be a man  
To live and die as all men can  
To love and hate as all men do  
To weep and laugh as all men know  
To hope and fear as all men feel  
To live and die as all men will  
To love and hate as all men can  
To weep and laugh as all men know  
To hope and fear as all men feel  
To live and die as all men will



Love and be happy; they desire no less.

...  
The night was dark and dreary  
For all the world as if it were  
Under the wing of death  
You're the only one who  
That I can trust  
Now, if you love me  
To die in my arms  
Quick to the point of death  
Where all the world is  
Dance impatiently  
And for you  
Must be the  
When Love is

On! you say  
How my heart is  
I would, but I  
I've promised  
Then I'll  
Don't all  
Checks every  
By her will  
And he that  
Leave a life  
That I love  
But I must  
Try, if I can  
For I have  
Oh had I  
Could I  
How could  
Till I die

[illegible]

# Love's Labour's Lost

If I have said, or thought, or done, or said  
 A single word, or thought, or done, or said  
 That you are not, or that you are not  
 I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 For sure, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 In our country, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 For, what do you say, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Love's an immortal, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 And sure I am, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 A God: I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure

Right you are, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Love runs away, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 And these vile women, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 That you'd his name, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 They're not Love, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Nor is their name, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 For Love and Love, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Like day and night, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 One cannot be, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 This of mine, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Reason no more, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 'Tis Love (not Love), I'm sure, I'm sure  
 She bids you love, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Black as the glaze, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 In this her name, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 But you're not, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 You err, in thinking, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 The brave pursuit of Love, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 And therefore, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 Invert her name, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 She could not find, I'm sure, I'm sure  
 As not to love, I'm sure, I'm sure

It tells the story of a man who  
A lady friend of his  
But your eyes are  
I'm almost certain  
For sure, no  
In one of the  
For, when  
Cousin, John  
There's an interest  
And sure I may  
Which is by the  
A God, for  
I was  
RIGHT YOU  
I've ruins  
And those vile  
Through his  
They're not  
For I love  
What day  
You've  
Your path  
For four years  
Told me  
And I  
The bids you  
Think as  
In this  
What! All  
View her, and  
The  
And  
In  
Every  
Laid by his



And when I saw the light  
Of day, I saw the light  
Of day, I saw the light  
Of day, I saw the light

Take ye, take ye, take ye  
What time I saw the light  
Of happy hours, I saw the light  
With constant joy, I saw the light  
There I beheld the light  
Of joy, from the light  
Each follow'd the light  
Though all were the light  
None cry'd, or saw the light  
Love to one other cry'd the light

We praise the light the light  
By naming the light the light  
Till we saw the light the light  
Where mighty Love's light the light  
Round the crystal light the light  
And beauteous order, the light  
Beneath whose light the light  
For the kind light the light  
Each had his golden light the light  
By some name, the light the light  
To kindle each the light the light  
To move the light the light the light

The light the light the light  
Of vast extent the light the light  
The east the light the light the light  
With such an order the light the light  
As if some order the light the light  
T' outside the light the light the light

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Discord and strife  
Nor have the longest day

Why do I put me to this pain  
And play in woman's hands  
All things are made of mud  
When woman's hands are on  
But here's a question for you  
When our last hope is gone  
And in a moment's time  
What shall we do then

Why was I born  
To be made wretched  
For I have seen  
That I must live  
On earth as on a sea  
On these cruel waves  
They meet and part  
And leave their paths  
Ourselves are left  
True love for ever  
Success on Mars  
Inconstant fortune  
He looks blindly  
And owes the victory  
But, his eyes are  
I'd not be Mars  
Proud of my fate  
For all the world  
But rather  
Like Marcus



[illegible][illegible]

Co, and to find out the truth of the matter  
 Tell 'em the whole story of the thing  
 Tell 'em the whole story of the thing  
 Tell 'em how they have been treated  
 And when you have done this, you will find  
 (For sure they will be very glad to hear)  
 In prayer for her dear soul, and for  
 And bless the whole world with your love

Here's just the thing - *What a blessing!*  
 Her blessing that has been so long  
 By Love directed, and by Love  
 Where Stephen, wept in that room, lay.  
 As soon as he heard of the thing  
 He rose to meet his dear friend, and why  
 And why he should be so glad to see him

When humble Stephen came to the door  
 And in tears he said, "I have been so long  
 With constant importunity, and I have been so long  
 And their position is so bad, and I have been so long  
 Grow still more cruel, and I have been so long  
 Not one well-wish'd spirit has been so long  
 Till hear's these blessings that are so long  
 Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

O, do not think me proud, I am not  
 So much, and with my friends, I am not  
 My pondrous grief is so great, and I am not  
 For they are near, and I am not  
 How shall I then, my friends, and I am not  
 To an excess, and I am not  
 Since you're engaged, and I am not  
 Relieve like him, and I am not

And to the world, and to the world of men,  
Which you, my son, have made your own,  
They would not have you so alone,  
And yet you would not have them so,  
And when you have them so, you have them so,  
For that is the way to be so,  
But let them be so, and let them be so,  
And do as you please, and do as you please,  
If there is any of you that please,  
Though I am not of you, and I am not of you,  
Of you, and of you, and of you,  
Of you, and of you, and of you,

And why you, my son, have made your own,  
A name, my son, by other names,  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my,  
As you have made your own, my son,  
And when you have made your own, my son,  
But, my son, my son, my son, my son,  
And the world, my son, the world, my son,

Sometimes I think, my son, and think you are  
Too good to be so, and think you are  
That wisdom, my son, is your son, my son,  
Will save you, my son, and save you, my son,  
But when I come to you, my son, and come to you,  
Of my son, my son, my son, my son,  
For what are you, my son, and for what are you,  
To what is your son, my son, and to what is your son,  
I've, my son, my son, my son, my son,  
My fortune's fate, and my worth is left:

But, if a heart so true and kind  
Can make impatience thus resign;  
If all his soul is bent on thee,  
There cannot be a further stay.

PERHAPS you'll think me proud,  
And my affection can no more conceal;  
But what, should I with falsehood play?  
You say, "be you my dear, and I will stay."  
Still I am wretched, if I leave you go;  
The thought of parting does me so  
He must remain, till death do us divide,  
Or he consents, and I am satisfied.

My heart is true, and I am true,  
The love I bear you is sincere,  
But I am no longer so alone.

Through the profusion of his hair,  
My heart is true, and I am true,  
Delays are such, and I am true,  
Much I've endured, much more than I can tell:  
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
When will the end of all my sorrows be?  
Can you not love? I'm sure you pity me.  
But if I must now witness this,  
And be contented to move and change pain;  
I'll not accuse you, I leave my fate to fate,  
I please too little, and I love too much.

STATIONER, no more, the blessing of a friend,  
Enrich the world with a few lines of verse,  
Now I'm content to give you all my love,  
Such as I always wish to be to you.

**Straphon's Love for Delta justified.**

Each kind of passion, all the passions, and a few  
A mighty warfare, and the victory was won  
And though in love I sometimes tremble,  
I fight'd and gained, but doubtless now I lov'd  
Though now——O Straphon! be so kind to guess,  
What flames will ever follow me to bliss.

THE youth, encompass'd with a fog so bright,  
Had hardly thought to lose the vast delight.  
By too fullness on earth's perfect bliss  
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast:  
Adm'd the power that did his heart so true;  
Vow'd crush such, and crushing, true.



**STRAPHON'S Love for Delta justified.**

**In an Epistle to CELADON.**

**A**LL men have follies which they blindly trace  
Through the dark tunings of a dubious maze,  
But happy those who by a prudent care,  
Retreat betimes from the illusion's snare.

THE eldest, best of sages were not free  
From the same fallow you condemn in me:  
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,  
Forgot what fools and madmen they had been.  
Less triumph'd over their own passions' reign,  
They had conquer'd them, or else they'd been;  
And made 'em still their very slaves,  
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:



That gave the world a new  
That daily change the world  
For, when the world was young  
Their hands were joined in love  
Unable to oppose the power  
With strength and courage

Is, as the world of the world was

I go along, and on the world  
My faith you are the world  
More like a light, and on the world  
Low is the world, and on the world  
Knows no higher, and on the world  
But triumphs still, and on the world  
Over all the world, and on the world

You could my Dea, and on the world  
When is the world, and on the world  
Your praise did then her world  
Yet you'd pursue me to the world  
You but the world of her world  
But might from chance fall from the world  
And what she is, by what she was, conclude:  
For now she governs the world

Her aspect noble and sweet is given,  
And ev'ry charm in her full world  
There we may find the world  
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:  
Each feature, curious of pleasing wit,  
Does, justly, some peculiar sweetness best;  
And her complexion of so fair a hue,  
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor envy blame.

Wish Jane's stock, and Mervin's mind,  
View but that woman whom some think adore,  
You'll value chastity, Della, for the most;  
Dorinda's merit's simple, but her mind  
Is to revenge and her ambition's proud:  
Myrilla's fair: and yet Myrilla's proud:  
Chloe has wit: but sadly, vain and loud:  
Melinda dwells upon the silly things,  
And yet Melinda for an angel sings,  
But in my Della all endowments meet,  
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;  
All that can profit and administration move,  
All that the wisest and the best love.

In all discourse she's agreeable and gay,  
And ne'er wears launching pertinent to say:  
For, if the subject's of a serious kind,  
Her thoughts are ready, and her sense refin'd:  
But if divertive her conversations be,  
Good language join'd with insinuating wit:  
So cautious always, that she ne'er offends  
An idle thought the charity of words.

THE vices common to her sex can find  
No room, e'en in the suburbs of her mind:  
Concluding wisely, she's in danger still,  
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill;

Therefore, should I not be so much surpris'd  
While near approach'd, I should be so surpris'd  
While the unknown'st of the world I see  
And meet the object of my heart

The first of passion of a young man  
Here we see a young man  
But let true passion be so much surpris'd  
Modestly bold, and so much surpris'd  
Prompt in reply, and so much surpris'd  
Oft in the walls of a young man  
Where the heart is so much surpris'd  
They ne'er fall short of so much surpris'd  
For when the heart is so much surpris'd  
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture meet.

O, Celadon! you would my name approve,  
Did you but hear her talk of love.  
That tender passion to her heart brings  
The prettiest notions, and the sweetest things;  
Which are by her so movingly express'd,  
They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.  
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart  
Their native glories unimpair'd by art:  
By what she says I will see things above  
And guess the heights of fruitful love.

To the conclusion of a peaceful night,  
By some wild breath we softly sigh  
When evening comes, we softly sigh  
To breathe in private, (and we sigh our care)  
And while our souls in sweetest powers lie,  
Some well-deserv'd repose we find;  
Where useful sleep, with soft contentment join'd,  
At once delight and pleasure find.

Through all the globe should be a light of love

Which are by the world's eyes so highly prized,  
 By wither'd and by the pale moon's light;  
 So well the leaves of the old book are  
 The only ones that are left of the old;  
 The last of the old of a dying race,  
 Which are the last of a dying race,  
 Can't on the page of a dying race,  
 For faded gold, when in the gold leaf,  
 Of the old of a dying race,  
 When the old of a dying race,  
 She falling on the old of a dying race,  
 An humble heart, on the old of a dying race,  
 Before the young of the old of a dying race;  
 And find content in the old of a dying race;  
 Said I, the question you propose to me,  
 Perhaps a matter of old of a dying race,  
 Were the degree of my affection left,  
 Then having written on the old of a dying race,  
 In you I've all I can desire to see,  
 That each eye give me, on the old of a dying race,  
 And, bless with you, I have on where to find;  
 A second chance, you take up all my mind;  
 I'd not forsake that duty, delightful find,  
 Where charming Dais, Love and Dais reign,  
 For all the splendor that a crown can give,  
 Where gently falls and softly shines the  
 Though youthful Dais, when his life was known,  
 (Too faintly valued to a crown),  
 Forsook Dais, and his life was known,  
 For long's own sake, and his life was known,  
 Yet far kinder than the old of a dying race,  
 For what is your's to look on Dais's face?  
 I would not have my Dais, have my fair,  
 Though half the globe should be affig'd my share.

And would you have me, O dear, what ought I to do?  
 Become the best and the worst of you?  
 O, do not urge me, Calista, I know I should live and  
 I cannot leave her: but the darling fair I see I must  
 Should I your counsel in this suit pursue,  
 You might suppose me for a while to be  
 For sure that project which the other party  
 Just to his friend, who's faithful to his love

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An EPISTLE IN PHEASANT

**A**S those who hope hereafter here's to share,  
 A rigorous exile here can surely bear,  
 And, with collected spirit, undergo  
 The sad variety of pain below:  
 Yet, with intense reflection, view  
 The mighty rapures of a future bliss;  
 While the bright prospect of approaching joy  
 Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy:  
 So, though I'm told by giddy Fortune's hand,  
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land:  
 Where I can hear the sweetest accents  
 And break its name upon the foreign shore:  
 Though from my dear I am so far, all that's dear,  
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:  
 Yet flatter'ing hopes encourage me to live,  
 And tell me false, all happy moments;  
 That the dark night of my exile  
 A glorious day will break all my woes;  
 And while I converse with you in exile,  
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.



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O'er, as I wander in a forest lone,  
 When bold ventures would my feet invade,  
 I build the rough thoughts, and dare not pause;  
 But what incline my rising mind to roam?  
 The felt relations on your forest lawn,  
 Like foreign accidents, of your presence;  
 Compensating every sorrow to me,  
 They have a joyful power in my breast.

Ravin's familiar face I hardly grieve,  
 I think o'er all the winters of our love.  
 What might'st thou have I ask no more,  
 When in a summer's dream I pore  
 The lovely Daisies in my garden bed!  
 Then I remember, and with me I tread  
 The kind expiation of the golden age:  
 Methought the sun was warm, and the moon  
 And day found'st me in my garden bed.  
 Strong and contented with our ever life;  
 An age of pleasure in our garden bed.

# AN EPIGRAM ON STEPHEN

Years of delight in youth we spent,  
And here's the end of all our joys.

But, when the glories of the world  
O'erflow'd the measure of our joys,  
Farewel, my Delia, O farewell I bid,  
The utmost point of my joys fled;  
Too cruel fate forbids my longer stay,  
And wretched Stephen is condemn'd away,  
But, tho' I must my native place leave,  
Forfake these fields, and this my home,  
No change of fortune shall my love move,  
The faithful love of my immortal friend.

And must my Stephen, must my faithful friend,  
Be forc'd, you cry, to leave his friend?  
The darling of my heart, my only friend,  
The only valu'd, and the only friend,  
Tho' other friends to me are dear and true,  
Stephen was still distinguish'd from the rest:  
Flat and insipid all else seems to me;  
Like themselves, their passions, their desires;  
For my aversion what their loves were;  
And none but Stephen, none but Stephen,  
Tho' I'm oblig'd to say, my friend, my friend,  
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;  
Yet will you Stephen, will you leave me still?  
However, faster no, and fly you will,  
For, should you evermore a soul love;  
Should you return to me, or faithful prove;  
No mortal e'er could half so much be;  
For sure no mortal ever lov'd as I.

Your beauty, youth, and all my kind desires;  
Those you once possess, must be always yours.

But, lo! the sun is setting, and the stars are  
 No more to be seen, and the night is  
 Now am I of myself, and  
 While I am in the arms of my dear  
 The Cyprus queen, in youth, and  
 Might fear, at last, to be won by her charms;  
 But, I can never find a better proof,  
 To fight the battles of my dear's love.  
 Would that who at certain tables sit,  
 Meet with innocent wit, and  
 Chose to defend it from the  
 Which might be lost, and  
 Nor can I ever to their gay  
 Whose gifts are greater, and whose charms are less;  
 Their chief beauty, and  
 A gaily company, or a  
 But from at last, and  
 Who none but you will ever see.

Now, would the ruling gods my will,  
 I'd make the sun a second time fall,  
 And to their lower world their light away,  
 When conquering, before mid-day;  
 Tho' our two souls would still be  
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love,  
 It will not be: the sun makes haste to rise,  
 And take possession of the eastern skies;  
 Yet one more life, tho' millions are too few;  
 And Dele, since we must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an inward power,  
 From Eden's groves, the vicinage of heav'n;  
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear  
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air;



# A PASTORAL ESSAY

Is, for my sake, or for the sake of the world,  
 That I have been so long a while;  
 Whence I have been so long a while;  
 In all this time, I have been so long a while.



## A PASTORAL ESSAY on the Death of Queen MARY, June 1694.

**A**S gentle Stephen to his fold came/d,  
 A wandering flock, which from the flock had stray'd,  
 Beneath a mountainous rugged rock he found  
 Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground,  
 Amos'd, with eyes full of tears, he saw to know  
 The fatal cause of her untimely woe;  
 And, clasping her to his impatient breast,  
 In these soft words his tender care express'd.

### STEPHEN.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears  
 My life, my soul, still'd in being tears?  
 Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd haire stain,  
 While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring plain?  
 Or has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?  
 What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?  
 Speak that I may prevent thy grief's increase,  
 Partake thy sorrows, or relieve thy peace.

### COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?  
 'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.



Oh, whether we are living or dead:  
'Tis for Cecilia's sake, that we are dead;  
The highest worth, the purest love, the truest  
By an untimely death, untimely dead.

### STEPHEN

DEAD! To heaven! she is dead!  
She's now divine, the world's a fool;  
'Tis a false rumour that all fables have spread,  
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cecilia dead.

### COSMELLA

Ah! no; the truth is every face appears:  
For every face you meet's a mirror of my soul,  
Trembling, and pale, I see through all the pane,  
From flock to flock, and out of every room,  
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,  
Cry'd, Oh, Cecilia! Oh, Cecilia! dead?

### STEPHEN

SOMETHING was heard by that ill-boding creak  
Of the prophetic room from the oak,  
Which straight by lightning was in flames broke,  
But we our mischief had, before we see:  
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery,

### COSMELLA

SINCE then we have no temples to follow,  
No pompous things to make a glorious show,  
(For all the tribute a poor soul can bring,  
In rural numbers, is to name and sing)  
Let us, beneath the gloomy forest shade,  
Cecilia's funeral song in no less sacred wade.

What's all the while she's dead?  
 What's all the while she's dead?  
 Since she, by which the world was given,  
 Our souls immortal, and we mortal, is gone;  
 Since she, who made the world of goodness spread,  
 As good now like us every body, is dead?

## COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;  
 What joys can she bring in May or April bring.  
 When she, for whom the flowers were spread,  
 With only flowers and cheerful green, is dead?  
 In vain did we wish for the summer sun,  
 To give to summer flowers a warmer touch;  
 In vain we wish for the autumn wind,  
 Which would bring down the harvest from the fields;  
 Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store  
 Of nature was provided, is now no more.

## STEPHEN.

Farewell for ever then to all that's gay:  
 You will forget to sing, and I to play.  
 No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,  
 Shall we converse the pleasant hours.  
 All joys are banish'd; all delights are fled,  
 Ne'er to return, now fair Cecilia's dead.

## COSMELIA.

Is e'er I sing, they shall be mortal lays  
 Of great Cecilia's name, Cecilia's praise:  
 How good she was, how generous, how wise!  
 How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!  
 How charming all; how much she was ador'd  
 Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplo'r'd!

A noble dame, and her fair maid  
 The brightest of the sun's own race  
 And, from youth's dawn, in love's embrace  
 Let our affection's flame be kindled  
 And, while we dwell in love's fair field  
 Her eyes shall be our only guide  
 And, when we part, her love shall be  
 Like stars that light our path at night  
 Sweet as her tongue, as her voice sung.

### STARPHON

When her gaze was on his face  
 And his on hers, they both were true  
 With how strong a love, how true of hue  
 When flames of love, did in the world burn  
 And, when the wings of the winds did stir  
 How gentle was her love in storm  
 Justice and mercy did she both  
 And round her temples shined a glorious light:  
 So quick she saw the wrong of every man,  
 She hardly gave them time to pass,  
 Impatient to reward, but she was true  
 Th' avenging sword of justice she  
 Like heav'n, she took no pleasure in delay  
 With grief, she punished, and with love and joy.

### COSMELIA

When godlike Belgar, from war's alarms,  
 Return'd in triumph to his native land  
 She met her hero with a full command  
 But chaste as light, and true as steel  
 Such mutual flames, as only love can kindle  
 Did in each breast with love's fair fire  
 His could not seem the greater, but the less  
 Both were immense, for both were true.



The first she saw, when she was born, a babe of  
And, in the arms of her dear mother, lay;  
May, all attending, her dear mother's eye  
(Change that vision to a vision of the sky)  
As if she thought, "How good it were, to see  
Or with the angels, in the land of the dead."

**STEPHEN**

NEXT night, when her mother laid,  
His high vicarage, suddenly laid;  
His wife, with his young son, and his dear son,  
The noble golden ring, long since worn;  
Till it appeared to the glorious light;  
'Twas next (if only next) to mine;  
This made her so wise, and so good;  
She grew as soft as a dove;  
And met his wife, with a gentle smile;  
As an angel, his dear son's will.

**COSMELIA**

MATURE for her, the first mother came,  
With a child of a child's name;  
In which, Eliza, the first of the name;  
Brought joy to her, but left the world in care.

**STEPHEN**

MATURE I for her, the first of the name;  
All glorious, all incomparably bright;  
While the immortal mind around her gaze  
On the crucifixion of her name;  
And father below, a human soul could be  
Endow'd with such a glorious name.

**COSMELIA**

WHO can have such a name! O, who can have  
Enough o'er her name, to make her name!



4. *A Psalm of David, touching the death of King David.*

To give a witness to the truth of the Christian religion,  
Of suffering, and of the triumph of the Christian religion,  
That we may be encouraged to follow the same path,  
That we may be encouraged to follow the same path,  
All this have your good friends, your good friends,  
With cheerful hearts, and with cheerful hearts,  
With cheerful hearts, and with cheerful hearts,  
And with cheerful hearts, and with cheerful hearts.

### STREPHON.

WEEP then (your friends weep) and sing with you!  
Ye think, however, that you will be long;  
Let every thing that's good, and every thing that's true,  
Not drop, but stand firm in the midst of you;  
Ne'er to return, nor to be long;  
Let every thing that's good, and every thing that's true,  
Let every thing that's good, and every thing that's true,  
A beautiful woman, in the midst of you;  
Ye young, your hearts are young, and every thing that's true,  
Hail, friends, to the sea for your hearts;  
Then taking back, each to his own heart;  
Tell your friends, and every thing that's true.

### COOMELIA.

Will have you sing in the midst of you,  
The friends of the sea, and the friends of the sea;  
Who know the friends of the sea, and the friends of the sea;  
Your friends, and every thing that's true;  
That the sea may be long, and the friends of the sea;  
And bless our friends, and every thing that's true.

### STREPHON.

But for our friends, and every thing that's true;  
For night with friends, and every thing that's true.



Yea, we, but having lost this changing thing,  
 O'er which, if absent should her guilty things,  
 We think the power who enjoys to stand,  
 No more can move, and so still she stands;  
 Yet could we but find some way to find  
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,  
 We then might see the hidden soul of truth,  
 And thus to know, as things are, not as they seem.

How soon from left, or half your passion, fills  
 The hidden soul, as things are, not as they seem,  
 False, every or wrong, almost the soul,  
 And thus to know, as things are, not as they seem,  
 But if the soul should be as things are, not as they seem,  
 The all within should be as things are, not as they seem,  
 A soul that should be as things are, not as they seem,  
 And passion all the while should be as things are, not as they seem.

But there's a pleasure in the soul, as things are, not as they seem,  
 For those who have been in the soul, as things are, not as they seem,  
 It is the body that is the soul, as things are, not as they seem,  
 Is a good conscience, as things are, not as they seem,  
 Thus to witness, as things are, not as they seem,  
 To try our power, as things are, not as they seem,  
 We bear it calmly, as things are, not as they seem,  
 And still when the hand that gives the blow:  
 For in misfortune this advantage lies:  
 They make us humble, and they make us wise,  
 And he that can acquire such virtue, gains  
 An ample recompense for all his pains.

Too soft cords of a man's soul are  
 The pain of sorrow, of the soul, as things are, not as they seem,  
 Tempt to human, as things are, not as they seem,  
 And gloomy vapour round the face will rise.

Then half'd into a sleep, we slumber'd,  
 And find our souls in slumber;  
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,  
 And breaks the slumber by a sharp grief.  
 But as we are slumber'd, we sleep our life,  
 In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;  
 So, in the most desolate hours we may  
 The faintest gleams of hope and joy;  
 And those requests the spirit's passage lead  
 To heav'n, which flow from an afflicted mind:  
 And while we live we spend our days in pain,  
 Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.  
 The faintest glimmers of the great we see,  
 To morning's dawn, the sun's bright rays;  
 And while her grief's in darkness, some light  
 A thorny branch points her way to light;  
 In working melody she speaks the night,  
 And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy as content,  
 But he that made it did that choice repent.  
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,  
 We cannot level our own wishes right.  
 And if foreigners we make a wish to state,  
 T'ourselves we little own, but wish to chaste,  
 So that when providence, for faster ends,  
 Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;  
 We must conclude it best it should be so,  
 And not desponding or impatient grow:  
 For he that will his challenge remove  
 From boundless wishes and eternal love,  
 To place it on himself, or human aid,  
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.

40 *To another Friend under Affliction.*

But, in the hours of grief, when all the world  
Seems to conspire to make thee woe;  
When's it not almost easy when he smiles,  
But must deliver thee when thou art ill;  
And, if with health thou art afflicted,  
Relieve the anguish, or remove the pain.

\*\*\*\*\*

*To another Friend under Affliction*

**S**INCE the fall man, by disobedience, fell  
As easy conquest to the powers of hell,  
There's none in any stage of life can be  
From the insults of both sides free.  
If a short respite gives us some relief,  
And lessens the pains of our grief,  
So quick the pangs of misery return,  
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason rais'd, and to perfection brought,  
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,  
Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight  
Of angry fate, and unpropitious fate,  
Then is the time she should exert her pow'r,  
And make us practice what she taught before.  
For why are such voluminous authors read,  
The learned labours of the famous dead,  
But to prepare the mind for its defence,  
By sage advice, and well digested sense;  
That when the storm of misery appears,  
With all its real or fanciful fears,



We did not say that we were not  
Or from the silence of the soul

But the' the story of what we have  
With cast, what we have, and what we have  
Yet all the while in the world we live  
To be, in more than one way, we have  
The forced work of our own hands

★ We have, truly, but we have not  
When sickness, or pain, or loss, or death,  
Right reason would be hanging on the wall;  
But it is not to be fought in the end,  
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.  
For, many more, dark afflictions fall,  
Of anxious longing, and cruel mind,  
Who would be in the light of day,  
And sleep, equally to the silent night,  
As if they understood not how to live  
Or wife, or home, or life, or death;  
And by some other, death, or night,  
Lay all their former glories in the dust.

For wisdom fast the wretched mortal flies,  
And leaves him naked to his enemies;  
So that, when death his passions should be shown,  
The most impudent, glibly things are done;  
For when the mind's fasten'd with distress,  
Fear or inconsistency the judgment press,  
And render it incapable to make  
Wise resolutions, or good counsel take.  
Yet there's a flash of soul and thought,  
By reason bred, and by religion taught,  
Which like a rock amidst the stormy waves,  
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

20 *Consideration of the human condition*

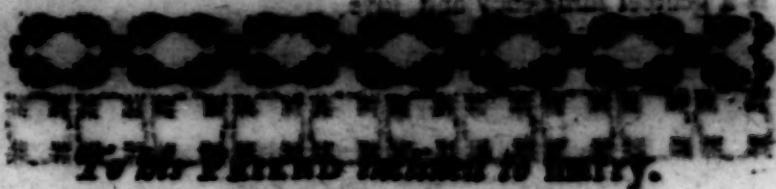
In days of yore, when all the world was young,  
When love's sweet power, and youth's bright flame, most strong,  
But death came, and laid us all to rest,  
Which, now, we see, is but a short rest.  
Knowing that we are all to die,  
With pain, and sorrow, and with sighs,  
For, had our eyes, and hearts, and souls,  
Not to know more than we do now,  
Their ignorance of all that's to come,  
Their joys entire; for that they had not felt.  
But they might have seen, and felt, and known,  
They have too late, till they have no more.  
For here my body lies, as others do,  
And few are, but by sad experience, woe.

CONSIDER, friend! who all your blessings give,  
What are recalled again, and what you have;  
And do not murmur when you see the end  
Of life, if you have anything left;  
Consider too, how many blessings are  
Under the worst of miseries, despair;  
And don't repent what you now endure;  
Calam will give you rest, or time will cure:  
Once more consider, that the perfect ill,  
That is to come, may yet be greater still;  
And be not wretched for the sorrows  
Our grief, is nothing to a worse, and worse.  
But sure it is impossible to be  
Human, and not exposed to misery.  
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:  
You are not more, and be not less than man!

AFFLICTIONS past can no existence find,  
But in the wild ideas of the mind:

To Mr. Parkin's Essay on a Story.

And why should we be so much concerned  
Which have been so often so much  
Those that have been so often so much  
And find a calmness in the heart  
Will not, unless their nature be so much  
Still make their hearts so much  
What is behind the curtain  
It may be joy: suppose it may;  
'Tis future still; and this is not  
May never come, or we may never  
Therefore the poet is so much  
To view, in the heart, the heart  
But, if we may be so much  
He's always happy, that is always



To Mr. Parkin's Essay on a Story.

**I** WOULD not have you, Sir, think a state  
From too exalted, or too mean a state;  
For in both these we may expect to find  
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind,  
Who move within the middle region  
The least disquiets, and the least  
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;  
If something brighter, not too bright for them;  
Her education liberal, not great;  
Neither inferior, nor above her state;  
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free  
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:



To paint, to mix, to draw, to dye,  
To well proportion, and to draw the line,  
No human skill can ever reach the end;  
But must do wrong to strive to mend;  
An eagle's hand, when once it's laid,  
To mix the colours, will not be afraid

TRY picture, says the Painter,  
An art of man can give a life;  
And justly may, perhaps, when he withdraws,  
Excite our wonder, and deserve our praise;  
But when the picture's done, and the artist's gone,

No art can equal what's by nature done.  
Goto Italy's noble hand, reveal'd by few,  
The picture fairer than the picture drew:  
He took the best that nature could impart,  
And made it better by his own great art.  
But had he found the best, for every man  
Vain had been all the efforts of his skill;  
He must have been content the fairest still.

HEAV'N in a landscape may be wonderful fine,  
And look as bright as painted light can shine;  
But still, the real glories of the place  
All art, by infinite degrees, exceeds.

~~~~~

To the Painter, after he had finished  
DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;  
Only Dorinda's self more charms can show.



## CRUELTY AND LUST.

England the first of the world's kingdoms  
 Has still the same old story to tell  
 As ever the world has seen in the old  
 Of the same old story of lust and of  
 Cruelty, and the same old story of  
 Lust and of cruelty, and the same old  
 Story of lust and of cruelty, and the  
 Same old story of lust and of cruelty,  
 That never was, and never will be,  
 But which are not the same as the old.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

## CRUELTY and LUST. An Epistolary ESSAY\*.

**W**HEN can the world be of all creatures fly,  
 To tell the story of her misery?  
 Where, but in the heart of man, is whole mind  
 A weary heart's with fast pity join'd:  
 I fear that heart will never be understood,  
 But with incessant tears, and writ in blood:  
 But if you can the painful page read,  
 The sad relation there you shall find  
 As all the ranks of the infernal reign  
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed, in vain,

None more than I, none more than I, none more than I,  
 Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;

\*This Poem was composed by the lady Mary of Kirk, a com-  
 mandant in the Western Rebellion, 1683, who detached a young  
 lady, with a promise to save her husband's life, but hang'd him  
 the next morning.

# CEVALW 1491

How dark, how dreary, how desolate the scene,  
 Exploring without finding, and without a sign.  
 As every handle the hand of death, and death  
 The wretched dy'd, and the wretched, he brought  
 Till he'd with others died, he was the only one  
 Drunk with carnal of blood and wine, to look  
 Oh, cursed place! — I can no more endure  
 My pen: shame and confusion strike my hand:  
 But I must on, and let my Cello draw  
 How harsh, how are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

AMONGST the crowd of Welsh youths who ran  
 To meet the brave, brave, and valiant man,  
 My husband, fairly coming, went:  
 Unwilling to arms, and dangerous of all events,  
 But when the battle was by country won,  
 The chief, and all, but his life, were undone;  
 Tho', in the tumult of that day, his sight,  
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight:  
 Yet the fugitive blood-hounds, still'd too well  
 In all the wood and ring of hell,  
 Each secret place he regularly beat,  
 They soon discover'd his unkind retreat.  
 As hungry wolves trampling o'er their prey,  
 To save destruction hurry them away;  
 So the purveyors of their Master's sin  
 With Chasins to the common bench run;  
 Where proud Rannier by his golden hand,  
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.  
 Our friends, by poor old Rannier, gain'd  
 A short reprieve, but for their throats obtain'd,

\* The Duke of Monmouth,

# CHARON'S LAMENT

To my ill fate, what would I have done,  
 The thought of this, that I am now alone,  
 When I should have been with my kindred,  
 And living in the arms of my dear friends;  
 To make the best of what I could do;  
 Low on my knees I fall; this day begins:  
 Great pains of mind, that none can see,  
 While arms to carry them have never been,  
 And carry'd through the wretched world!  
 Still more the highest of pain can be,  
 Your love, your care, and your cause attend;  
 Here now the artist of fate you sit,  
 While suppliant souls their heads submit,  
 Oh, pay the unfeeling! and give  
 But this one thing: Oh, let but Charon live!  
 And take the rest of what we wish:  
 I'll bear the weight of all my sin;  
 Content, my place, to beg, or earn my bread:  
 Let Charon live, no matter how I'm fed.  
 The fall of such a youth, no light thing  
 To him whose soul performs such wondrous things  
 As saving kingdoms, and conquering kings,  
 That triumph only with our conquerors' hands,  
 Where gallant courage, gallant pay joins,  
 Ours the chief friends of war,  
 Took not more pleasure to submit than fate:  
 And, fate is here you can grow to be,  
 That over, but let's see what he  
 Ignoble spirit by courage are known;  
 And cruel actions spoil the conquerors' crown.  
 In future battles all each mortal page  
 With tales of blood, and monuments of rage;

# CRUELTY AND DEATH

And while his sword is with bloody stain,  
 His eyes him bring, and thrust him dead.  
 Oh! do not fall with a singular eye,  
 (The fearful slain) for his a martyr?  
 Then, as you'll live the glory of our life,  
 And live on all your eyes and faith:  
 So, when a noble count you've bravely run,  
 Die the best father, and the happiest man.  
 None can the terms of providence break,  
 Or what their own thoughts may be;  
 Therefore to pursue his living under war,  
 That mercy they may have, should please God.  
 For, in the midst of war, the highest thing  
 May lose the battle, or the victory;  
 And how would you that gentle human pain,  
 Should in cool blood his eyes and faith?

He that with nobel spirit to fight is led;  
 To justice furnish his eyes and hand;  
 But 'tis unhappy Charles's first offence,  
 Seized'd by some too plausible pretence,  
 To take the inj'ring side by error brought;  
 He had no malice, tho' he has the fault;  
 Let the old tragedy find a shameful grave;  
 But the half-innocent, she tempted, gave  
 Vengeance divine, tho' for the greatest crime,  
 But rarely strikes the fast or formal sinner:  
 And he best follows the Almighty's will,  
 Who spares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.  
 When proud rebellious would subvert a state,  
 And wild disorders in a land create,  
 'Tis requisite the fast pretences should  
 Put out the flames they kindled with their blood;

But first 'tis a degree of madness all things and all things  
 That draw their strength from the sun's light and fall;  
 And since a merry soul is thus to be,  
 Let Chance laugh at the thought of the one;  
 For, as some gaily live the night and day;  
 So some for justice live the night and day;

When Death's great hand was on the field,  
 And Absalom, the youth of the field,  
 The weapons of the youth of the field,  
 And the youth of the field of the field,  
 The youth of the field of the field,  
 We hear of your youth of the field,  
 But all conclude that the youth of the field,  
 The youth of the field of the field,  
 As great a youth of the field,  
 And to the youth of the field,  
 So, when you think of the youth of the field,  
 They should be the youth of the field,  
 For he that is the youth of the field,  
 Would always be the youth of the field.

Here, interrupting, from the field,  
 (Swelling with wrath, and blushing with pride)  
 Mahan, his life depends upon my will,  
 For every child of the field;  
 I'll think of what you've said: this night return  
 Attend; perhaps, you'll have no cause to mourn.  
 Go see your husband, bid him not despair:  
 His crime is gone; but you are worth him fair.

When anxious suffers the soul to move,  
 And due confession in the spirit move,



Upon the least appearance of relief, I could not but  
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief. It was a joy  
Impudence makes our wishes ever grow. I know not  
Which thro' false optics, our desires most show:  
For, while we fancy danger does approach  
Most at a distance, it is oft the near;  
And many times secure from dangers seem,  
We fall into an ambushade of woe.

PLEAS'D with the false Neronior's dark reply,  
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh;  
And to the main-guard halloo'd, where the rest  
Of this blood-thirsty band in distance lay.  
When Charion saw me, from his ready bed  
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:  
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,  
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide:  
Here nothing but the foulest devils dwell,  
The refuse of the damn'd, and mob of hell;  
The air they breathe in ev'ry stenchy cell:  
There's no degree of ill: for all are worst;  
In rapes and murders they alone delight,  
And villanies of less importance fight:  
Aft' 'em indeed, but fain they should be won'd;  
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.  
Neronior's chief to this infernal crew;  
And seems to merit that high station too:  
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,  
By Asmodai and Molec hath possess'd.  
When told you went to intercede for me,  
It threw my soul into a agony:  
Not that I would not for my freedom give  
What's requisite, or do not wish to live.

But for my safety I can hardly be said,  
 To buy a few short years with long diligence:  
 Nor would I hate your yet unspiced flame  
 For an expell'd or an usual flame;  
 With ignominy to purchase my breath,  
 Is worse by infinite degrees, than death.  
 But if I can't buy life with honour save,  
 With honour I'll defend into the grave.  
 For, tho' revenge and malice both combine,  
 (As both to fit they can seem to join)  
 Yet danger all their valence and skill,  
 I can die just; and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear?  
 The end of all our busy humors here:  
 The equal lot of poverty and state,  
 Which all pursue of by a certain fate.  
 What'er the purpose of mankind surveys  
 At divers ages, and by divers ways,  
 Will find them from this noisy scene retire;  
 Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:  
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;  
 But die, before they good or evil know.  
 Here one to puberty arrives; and then  
 Returns lamented to the dust again;  
 Another there maintains a longer strife  
 With all the pow'ful enemies of life;  
 Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,  
 He drops into the dark, and disappears.  
 I'm young indeed, and might expect to see  
 Times future, long and late posterity:  
 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,  
 If to be old, were to be happy too.

But first, I'll see the end of this night;  
The gift of all I have, I'll give;  
Who would be the master of my fate,  
Or more for life, than is my fate;  
I'll give it up, and leave it to the fate.

BEYOND the grave, I'll see the end of this night;  
The boundless realm of vast eternity;  
Where mind, and soul, and body, all are one;  
But who their government or law can give;  
What's their employment all the time;  
And time's eternal period, how long;  
Thus much the fixed order of things;  
That all are blest'd or wretched;  
Tho', if there's such variety of fate,  
None good escape too soon, nor bad too late.  
For my own part, with resignation,  
I can submit to my Creator's will;  
Let him recall the breath from this I drew;  
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases;  
The way of dying is my last concern;  
That will give no disturbance to my urn.  
If to the feast of happiness I go,  
There end all painful scenes of woe;  
And when to that bliss mansion I arrive,  
With pity I'll behold those that survive.  
Once more I beg, you'd leave that woe retired;  
And leave me to my innocent and fate.

CHARLTON, said I, oh, do not urge my flight!  
I'll see th' event of this important night;  
Some strange prodiges in my soul I feel;  
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good;  
Few hours will show the result of my doom;  
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.

# CAUTION and LOST.

If you refuse, the world is my  
 If you refuse, the world is my  
 For, when you go to such a place,  
 If I should, the world is my  
 Who will you go to such a place,  
 From the world, the world is my  
 Don't let you go, or let you go,  
 The world is my, or let you go:  
 I've no doubt of your heart; but still  
 To let you go, the world is my  
 And that can be no more to you,  
 Who, the world is my, the world is my.  
 But to a world of such a place,  
 Why would you go, and have me here in this?  
 'Tis a dark place, but our fate shall view,  
 I'll die as you, the world is my, as you:  
 That my behaviour to the last may prove  
 Your savings is not greater than my love.  
 The heart is my: as to the world's text,  
 With working, but no more to you,  
 A world of such a place, the world is my,  
 By the world and the world is my:  
 Where'er I go, the world is my,  
 Fresh objects of despair, and forms of war.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers stood  
 A wretched, poor, old man, his face'd with blood;  
 And at his feet, just through the body run,  
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son;  
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,  
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:  
 And while he mourn'd with floods of aged tears,  
 The sole support of his decrepid years,

The last/long wail, that rose from that scene,  
With thunders of sorrow, rent the air.

There, under a wide oak, *disconsolate*  
And drow'd with tears, a wretched mother sat;  
High in the boughs the mother'd father hung;  
Beneath, the children round the mother sat;  
They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief;  
For all they had to live upon, was grief.  
A sorrow so intense, each day *disconsolate*  
No creature, merely human, long could bear.  
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,  
And, with a gaze did to her husband look;  
Then lean'd her head on them, and, *in vain* cry'd,  
*Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.*

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,  
Where sons their fathers, and their fathers sons;  
Friends for their friends, since the *war* began,  
Fro' heat of war, in chains, we *long* have seen;  
Each ev'ry hour did the black *war* reveal,  
Which should declare the justice *of* the deed.  
Then I beheld, with brutal looks of scorn,  
A comely youth, and of no common birth,  
To execution led; who *humbly* bore  
The wound in back, he receiv'd before:  
And, as he pass'd, I heard the *wailing* cry,  
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the cart's wheel turn'd, without delay,  
They did me to the general convey;  
Who thus began —  
Maiden! by *well* intelligence, I find,  
That Chasion's treason's of the *blackest* kind;



And my mother's gentle smile,  
 How often I dream of the days when I was  
 How sweet the sound of her voice to my  
 How often I dream of the days when I was  
 To be able to see her again;  
 And, though I am far from home,  
 Be near her side, I pray your Mother's  
 Soldiers are rough, but their hearts are true,  
 By simple faith, and by the love of God,  
 The poor gay soldiers, by their faith and  
 Gain as soldiers, and as men;  
 But I am no soldier, and I am not  
 Confess, as I am, I am, if you please.

AMAZON: the brave, the brave,  
 Upon the battle field, the brave,  
 They are the brave, the brave,  
 No more of the brave, the brave,  
 For, you are brave, as they are to do  
 Difficult things, and to do them,  
 Mercy, the highest virtue of the mind,  
 Should with no other virtue be joined;  
 For if, when chosen, a man is  
 Th' intrinsic value of the mind is  
 Great men, they are of a poor heart have;  
 Hence all, and all, are of a poor heart have;  
 From the man who is a poor heart have;  
 Done, the man who is a poor heart have;

THE CRIMES ARE DONE UPON THE WINDY YOUTH,  
 May have mercy, and make, but no more,  
 Suppose the punishment is brought,  
 And clearly you'd to the nearest thought;

To many's shame, to many's sorrow,  
 Offends not to be thought of,  
 And 'tis the glory of a great soul,  
 In full singleness of heart to love,  
 Your prince's service, as you would your own.  
 This act will show, that you are not  
 Tho' his cause can never be unjust,  
 Who disobeys, but only to be just.  
 Perhaps the hazard's more than you expect  
 The glory would be, were the danger less.  
 For he that, to his people, will do  
 A noble action, and a just one too,  
 Deserves to wear a most resplendent crown.  
 Than he that has a thousand battles won.  
 Do not invert divine compassion so  
 As to be cruel, and so many show!  
 Of what renown can such an action be,  
 Which save my husband's life, but ruins me?  
 Tho', if you finally refuse to stand  
 Upon so vile, ignominious a demand,  
 He must submit; if 'tis my fate to meet  
 His death, I'll look with virtuous tears his way.

WILL madam, laughly, Heron cry'd,  
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.  
 But to prevent all prospect of a fight,  
 Some of my \* bands shall be your guard to night:  
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;  
 They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd:  
 Perhaps you'll find them so gently used,  
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.

\* Kirk used to call the most intemperate of his soldiers his *louis*.

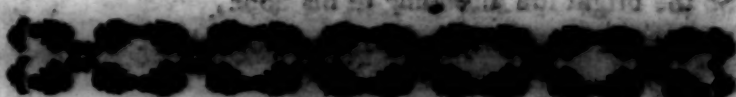
And in the morning, when the sun was low,  
What I had said, I now repeat to you,  
You shall be mine, and I will be your own,  
And gladly take the oath you have sworn.  
He said he would, and so he did,  
And yours will be as much his own by you.

On Othello, think'd he found a thought as new,  
What power of grief, that sighs of woe;  
At this disclosure, sigh'd my lord!  
By all things heaven and earth possess'd,  
In vain I wept, and vainly vain I pray'd,  
For all my pray'rs were to a tyger made:  
A tyger! worse; for, his beyond dispute,  
No fiend's so cruel as a sleeping brute.  
Example's 't' show, and fearful of what,  
With all the symbols of despair and grief?  
Ruin—it was not possible to them:  
What could I do? oh! what would you have done?

Two hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,  
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.  
When, to inspire me with exultant grief,  
Beyond expression, and above belief,  
Mistaken, the monster cry'd, that you may find  
I can be grateful to the fair that's kind;  
Step to the door, I'll show you such a sight,  
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.  
Does not that witch, who would dishonour his king,  
Become the glister, and adorn the string;  
You need not now an injur'd husband dread,  
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.

Turn the just reward of his ungodly life;  
 He would pursue the path of sin and strife,  
 And, amidst the flames of hell, his soul would burn;  
 To keep that fatal flame, and that infernal urn,  
 Can't of all crimes be the most heinous;  
 The devil, that is, the most heinous,  
 Oh, may that plague be sent upon him,  
 And watchful that he should be sent;  
 In fire the lot for sinners' dwell;  
 The burning-smell of a quench'd hell;  
 May this vile lump of ungodly  
 Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust;  
 May't thou, despising at the price of death,  
 With oaths and blasphemies pollute thy breath;  
 And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,  
 In thine own person all united bear!

On Celia! Oh my friend! what age can show  
 Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?  
 Indeed it does not infinite appear,  
 Because it can't be everlasting here;  
 But 'tis so vast, that it can ne'er increase:  
 And so confirm'd, it never can be less.



*On the Marriage of the Earl of A--- with  
 the Countess of S---*

**T**RUSTWORTH beauty never fails to pay,  
 As on the morning of a nuptial day,  
 Love then within a larger circle moves,  
 New graces add, and ev'ry charm improves:

With Rapture's bliss the soul's true power,  
 The longings of the heart's true fire;  
 What vain ambition with its restless heart,  
 And eager passion with its restless heart  
 Alas! what vain ambition with its restless heart,  
 And painful joys with its restless heart:  
 The flames are going, and the flames are going:  
 The minutes fly too fast——yet they too long:  
 Now she is ready——the work must wait;  
 All things are done——the finishing is forgot:  
 She fears——yet within the flames work were done:  
 Delays——yet is impatient to be gone.  
 Disorders then from every thought arise:  
 What love possesses, I know not what denies.

ACHATES' choice does his firm judgment prove,  
 And shows at once he can be wife and love;  
 Because it from no transient passion came,  
 But was the product of a noble flame:  
 Bold without violence; without blinding, bright;  
 Pure as fire'd flame, and unobscured as light:  
 By just degrees it to perfection grew;  
 An early ripeness, and a lasting too.  
 So the bright sun ascending to his noon,  
 Sheds not too swiftly, nor is there too soon.

But, tho' Achates was sincerely driv'n  
 From his own land, he's launch'd into heav'n:  
 For sure the raptures of Calista's love,  
 Are next, if only next, to death above.  
 Thus poor's desire does with his fate engage  
 Rewards his virtue, and defers their rage:  
 For, still it did to fair Calista give  
 All that a human creature could receive;



What's on thy cheek, what's on thy cheek,  
Transport the look of passion;  
This is the full perfection  
Laid the bright virgin in the sun.

WHAT might'st thou, fair Colinda, find  
Their awful power, and their power who  
For, in her aspect all the great world;  
All that is noble, beautiful, or brave;  
There every charm is fully shown;  
Scenes pure, delicate, and sweet;  
There symmetry, order, and grace;  
Solemnly still, and heavenly light;  
So, newly finish'd by the hand divine,  
Before her fall, all the world was;  
But Eve in one great sin, the world was  
Colinda never could be;  
From her temptation, to the world;  
Nor more affable, nor more divine.

VIRTUE cannot be, and cannot be  
To fall away, by false thought;  
Her affiance with a virtuous eye;  
Each passion given, and every passion;  
Not the least failure in her conduct;  
So gently made, and so gently made.

Her judgment here, her judgment here,  
With wit, that's clear and penetrating;  
O'er all the claims of human life;  
And to the noblest and the noblest;  
She knows the best, and does the best;  
And woe the most with the most.

On the Mountains of the Valley, &c.

That the weak only make the morning light,  
When day is dawning, and the sun is bright:  
The dawn, amidst the morning rays, prefer  
The night, as if not capable more.

Here fancy strong, vivid, and sublime,  
Seldom leaves her course to a crime;  
And tho' it moves with a luminous hue,  
'Tis not presumption, but always true:  
For, each expression, every moving thought,  
Is to the forming of her judgment brought;  
Which wisely separates the faint light,  
And calls the image in a permanent world.

Her willing words reflect her thoughts,  
But all's polite, all is feeling soft;  
And she is never so much as to say,  
With calm and gentle expression,  
So well she knows what's understood by few,  
To show her thoughts, and to express 'em too;  
That what she speaks does to her soul consist  
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Intrigues her, and as she is bred,  
By great example to refine her head;  
Much as she loves her hand to be  
She owns, but to her own high genius more;  
And, by a nobler education mov'd,  
Rend'rs their virtues, and her own improv'd;  
Till they own'd, to that exalted height,  
Scarcely might greater be, or state so bright.

But if Cassia could yet smaller be,  
Of nobler birth, or more a dairy,  
Achates meets her, tho' none but he,

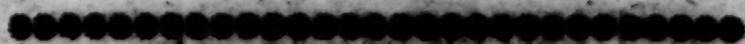
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What generous souls, what noble minds;  
 Noble'd in nature, and nobler still in  
 Too well confirm'd, and firmly'd within,  
 For thence to force, or flattery to win.  
 Unmov'd amidst the passions he found;  
 He durst be gullible, and he will be good.

SINCE the first pair in mortal life were join'd,  
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd;  
 Achates life to fair Calpurnia gives!  
 In fair Calpurnia great Achates lives:  
 Each is to other the divinest life;  
 He is her heart's, and she is more than his.  
 Oh, may the kindest influence above  
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love!



INSCRIPTION for the Monument of DIANA,  
 Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.



DIANA. OXONII et ELGINI Comitissa;  
 Q U E

ILLUSTRI orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:  
 Cœlestem perennis, clara, fide christiana;  
 Ut que vestire minor esset maximo.  
 Virtutis incensum immoerans;  
 Procedentem simple virtutum cohors:  
 Excudentem mors basiliana decuravit;  
 (Volente numine)

Ut nuptiae sanctae non deinde in fideles,

(Quam de amore habuit)

Sacramentum

(Quam ad nuptias viget quatuor)

Tantum plures et amore voluit;

Ut qui, dicitur,

Obsequium, tempore pari perficit;

Mulier,

Præsumitur, tempore suo, voluit.

Revera cum esset,

Mulieris plures facile superavit.

Familiam adeo nuptiarum quatuordecim curam gessit,

Et cum nuptiarum quatuordecim,

Quatuordecim nuptiarum quatuordecim

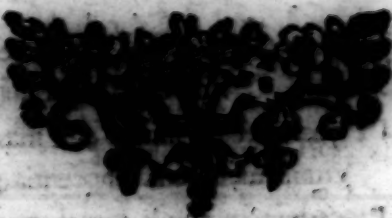
Deique,

Quam plures, hanc, hanc, hanc, hanc, hanc, hanc,

Viginti, viginti, viginti, viginti,

Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,

Tanta nuptiarum nuptiarum, et hanc, et hanc, et hanc,



The foregoing INSCRIPTION trans-  
lated in ENGLISH.

DIANA, Countess of Oxford and Elgin;

W H OSE name is still in vogue,  
And still alive to its ancient fame:

Round her the virtues of the Cechi flow,  
But with inferior brightness to her own;  
Which she refus'd to that false name give,  
The greatest mortal could not greater be.  
Each stage of life peculiar splendor had;  
Her tender years with innocence were clad:  
Mature grown, what's in her love and good  
In the refulge of her virtues shad:

And at the final period of her breath,  
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;  
That no occasion might be wanting here  
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere,  
Two noble lords her genial bed possess;  
A wife to both, the dearest and the best.  
Oxford submitted in one year to fate:  
For whom her passion was extending great.  
To Elgin full six *Agonis* were assign'd;  
And him she lov'd with so immense a mind,  
That, living, like a father, she obey'd;  
Dying, as to a son, left all she had.



When a ship was lost, the crew could not  
 The captain's orders, and the crew could not  
 She did her duty, and the crew could not  
 With such a tender care, for with a hand  
 She did her duty, and the crew could not  
 Then gather round the ship, and the crew could not  
 But when to all the land example flew  
 How to be good, and the crew could not  
 Her soul, for each too excellent, too high,  
 Flew to its prize, the prize of the sky.



*Upon the* **DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.**  
*A Poetic* **ESSAY.**

---

Ὁς ἕγχευε τίμους καὶ γυμνοὺς μάχεσθαι. Sophoc.

---

**UNITY. ETERNITY.**

I.

**W**HENCE sprung this glorious frame; or when began  
 Things to exist? They could not always be:  
 To what suspensions energy  
 Shall we ascribe the origin of man?  
 That *cause* from whence all beings else arose,  
 Must self-existent be alone;  
 Intirely perfect, and but one;  
 Nor equal nor superior knows:  
 Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose,

It is the power of God that makes all things  
That are, and that shall be, and that shall be

Then making all things new, and  
For, by what instrument, we know not  
Shall we create, or destroy, or change  
That, something, and from something, and

Or making, or changing, or destroying, or  
If matter only we create, or destroy, or  
We shall reason, wit, and reason want;  
An agent infinite, and advice free;  
Whence does reason, whence does reason, whence  
How come we, thought, design, and knowledge

This from a single source, whence  
Distinct in essence from material things;  
For, thoughtless matter cannot think, nor

But if we own a God supreme,  
And all perfections possible in him  
In him does boundless intelligence  
Pow'r to create, and providential guide;  
Unmade himself, could not beginning have;  
But to all substance prime creator, and  
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases, form

POWER.

II.

The undesigning hand of silly chance  
Could never fill the glories of light,  
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,  
The lofty canopy of the vast universe  
There could proceed from an ill-govern'd chance  
There's not one atom of this vast machine  
Nor essence intellectual, but something more  
Existence when the great Creator speaks,

And from the eastern world, where morning comes,  
 From distant lands, the sunbeams come,  
 And from the western world, where evening comes,  
 And from the north, where winter comes,  
 And from the south, where summer comes,  
 As the sun shines, and the moon shines,  
 So the sun shines, and the moon shines,  
 Which shows a mighty state of things,  
 The interior side is their exterior bound;  
 These millions of new worlds appear;  
 These show the child face of power's laureate,  
 Who sits upon a golden throne,  
 Not to command, but to be loved;  
 To whom all things are subject,  
 The largest portion of created existence,  
 Extends now, never ending,  
 As if they could not cease to be,  
 Or were from everlasting;  
 But on the will of God depend,  
 For that will is the end,  
 Who, when the world was made,  
 Without the least alloy or defect,  
 By the Almighty Architect,  
 United existence paid,  
 And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

PHILOSOPHY of old is vain essay'd  
 To tell us how the mighty state  
 Into such beautiful order came;  
 But, by false reasoning, false conclusions laid,  
 She know'd not; but still she made the weight,  
 The measure which'd be the law of thought;  
 Sometimes she fancy'd things to be  
 Correl with the day.

And is the form which things are made of  
 From such a cause, that can be said to be  
 Genuine the real cause, that can be said  
 Of none, being in a form, that can be said  
 Void of all will, and without feeling, and all  
 But, by a living cause, that can be said  
 Jumbled into this form of substance, and all  
 'Twas an established order of all, that can be said  
 Chief of the philosophic mind, that can be said  
 And does in natural production hold its own  
 That from omnipotence, nothing could proceed  
 Material substance never could have been  
 If finite existence had not been before  
 In wisdom infinite, infinite in power  
 What'er is made, a maker must suppose  
 As an effect a cause that could produce is shown  
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd  
 And only frame to things, not beings, give;  
 That from Omnipotence they must receive:  
 But the eternal, self-existent mind,  
 Can, with a single fiat, cause to be  
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,  
 And all it cannot see,  
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,  
 And art a noble palace raise,  
 But must not to creative pow'r aspire;  
 But their God alone can chain,  
 As pre-existing substance doth require;  
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

**PROVIDENCE.**

**IV.**

MATTERS profound, and still a closer quest;  
For justice always ought to be the best;  
And still with endless power the spirit's own quest;  
If *Providence* inspire, for life's great quest;  
Could not the vast, prodigious empire build, but  
Or strength enough to bidding nature yield, but  
Ere it, with silent silence, could the world's quest;  
Came'd the blessing hour, and still the quest;  
What's this still the quest;  
That's long, and long and long,  
That's long, and long and long,  
To her in wisdom and beauty own,  
By her all creatures have their ends all right,  
Proportion'd to their nature and their kind;  
To which they freely advance,  
Nor'd by right nature's high command,  
Or guided by the secret hand  
Of real instinct, or imaginary chance,  
Nothing but man might the sacred rules;  
Who from the end of their creation fly,  
And derive into misery:  
As if the liberty to all the souls,  
Were the chief cause that have made 'em free.

**PROVIDENCE.**

**V.**

BOLD is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,  
Who, false, will attempt to scan



The works of his dear Father's will;  
And that he never could be vain;  
As if a faint hearted man, who could be a king,  
That the power of his own hand  
That power of his own hand  
On an immortal soul  
But leaves it to his fate.  
How does it with sleeping giants lie,  
To be concern'd with our improvement;  
Or interpose his power for the defence  
Of a poor mortal, or a foolish king?  
Villains could cover his fearful power,  
And unreluctant in their glorious fire,  
Which honour, ease, and affluence give;  
While such as heav'n above, and virtue love,  
And most the care of providence desire,  
Oppress'd with pain and ignominious slave.  
What reason can the world have,  
Why numberless days unpass'd'd go,  
If the *Most High*, that's just and good,  
Intends and governs all below,  
And yet regards not the loud cries of guilty blood?  
But shall we things unspeakable deny,  
Because our reason cannot tell us why  
They are allow'd, or acted by the deity?  
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,  
To comprehend how number should be brought  
From nothing, or created be  
From all eternity;  
And yet that number is, we feel and see:  
Nay in it order to define,  
What figures the soul and body join;  
Or, how the number does the imagination take  
Of things, and to the mind returns the link.

**THE SPOILS OF THE SEA.**

Did not the storm, the tempest's care,  
Direct and guide the vessel's fate,  
How soon would this the vessel fall!

Forthwith the vessel's crew would tear,  
And blowing winds the vessel's fate;  
Wide destruction, with lightning force,  
The lower part of the vessel,

In spite of all that power could do  
To stop the vessel's fate:  
Murder and rapine every place would fill,

And sinking waves to prosperous ill;

Devouring passions rare,

And all that part of nature which has breath  
Deliver to the tyranny of death,

And hurry to the darkness of the grave,

If watchful providence were not concern'd to save.

Let the brave soldier speak, who oft has been

In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,

How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly

So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;

And though he does not think of death,

Fall at his feet and in a moment die,

Unhurt retreats, or gains without the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show,

To what invisible protecting power

He did his life and liberty owe,

When the loud storm his weak vessel tore,

And half smother'd plank carry'd him to the shore.

May, let th' ungrateful spirit tell us, how

His tender infancy protection found,

And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,

If he'll no protection show;



How goodly were the promises of old  
 When the just souls found, as with a sword,  
 That a new better day of life  
 Was to be given to man.  
 The promises true, and unchangeable;  
 He cannot hear the voice, or change the pain.  
 But by what hope is he made  
 The God of all, and of the world?  
 He will have none, or fewer power,  
 If equal only, they each other bind;  
 So neither's God, if we desire him right;  
 For neither's power.  
 But if the other have, suppose might,  
 Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be  
 Omnipotent, and free  
 From all restraint; and so no deity.  
 If God is limited in power, his view  
 His knowledge, power, and will, is so too;  
 Unless we'll own, that such restrictions are  
 At all times perfect every where;  
 Yet he himself not actually there,  
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings;  
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

## IMMUTABILITY.

### VIII.

As the Supreme, omniscient mind,  
 Is by no human sense confin'd;  
 So reason must acknowledge him to be  
 From passive mutation free;  
 For what he is he ever from all coming,  
 Change whether the effect of force, or will,  
 Must argue imperfection still.

But impossible to change, for the all-wise and good  
 That's infinitely perfect cannot be so moved and  
 Who can compass, without his own confusion, good  
 A God to change, what is confusion?  
 And ev'ry shew'd without show,  
 Is for the better, or the worse.  
 He that is infinitely will,  
 To alter for the worse will never choose;  
 That a depravity of nature flows:  
 And he, in whom all was perfect'd long,  
 Cannot by change to greater excellence rise.  
 If God be mutable, which way, or how,  
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now?  
 Which did a thousand years ago?  
 And 'tis impossible to know,  
 What he forbids or what he will allow.  
 Murder, incestuous, lust, and perjury,  
 Did in the firstest rank of vice stand,  
 Prohibited by an express command:  
 But whether such they still remain to be,  
 No argument will positively prove,  
 Without immediate notice from above;  
 If the almighty *Legislator* can  
 Be chang'd, like his incessant subject, man,  
 Uncertain thus, what to perform, or shun,  
 We all intolerable hazards run,  
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

## JUSTICE.

### IX.

REJOICE, ye sons of piety, and sing  
 Loud *hallelujahs* to his glorious name,  
 Who was, and will for ever be the same:



Your gentle hand to strengthen bring;  
 That from the flaming char may rise  
 Clouds of perfume to the heavenly skies.

His powerful radiation to give,  
 And whilst you will be labour'd,

As sure as that there is a God,  
 On all who virtue chase, and righteous paths pursue.

Nor shall we more blasphemous distrust;  
 For while he is a *deity*, he must

(As infinitely good) be infinitely just.

But done it with a genuine freedom suit,

Whose way is his doing evidence,

To guide others that temporary be,

And shall but mortal offend see,

More signs of human nature, frail and low,

With everlasting glory

This shakes the mind, with deep reflections fraught

And reason leaps beneath the passionate thought.

Crimes who their essence from guilt; and grow

More heinous still the more they do excuse

That God to whom all creatures owe

Profoundest reverence;

Though as to that degree, they rise

The song of the penitential man *High*,

We have no standard to discern it by,

But the inflexion he on the offender lays.

So that if endless punishment on all

Our unrepented sin must fall,

None, not the least, can be accounted small.

That God is in perfection just, must be

Allow'd by all that own a *deity*;

If so, from equity he cannot swerve,

Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.

His will reveal'd is both express and clear;

" To consider my Father's good;  
 " To consider what his will is,  
 If considering were not so hard,  
 Duration still should without end;  
 Against which flesh and blood cannot stand,  
 That when apply'd to pain, it only mends,  
 They shall see the end of their life,  
 Ten thousand more, perhaps when they are dead;  
 But not eternal in a fleshly state;  
 Yet own, the pleasure of the just remains;  
 So long as there's a God with us to reign,  
 Though none can give a full contentment,  
 The contentment which his hand provides,  
 To heav'n and hell indifferent join'd,  
 Should carry forth of a different kind;  
 And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

## GOODNESS.

BUT if there be one attribute divine  
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine,  
 'Tis goodness which we cry our constant fee,  
 The Godhead exercise with such delight,  
 It seems, it only seems, to be  
 The best belov'd perfection of the deity,  
 And more than mine.  
 Without that, he could never prove  
 The proper object of our praise or love,  
 Were he not good, he'd be no more our end,  
 To hear the wretched in affliction cry,  
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,  
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,  
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd,

Upon the Death of a Fool

Howal judge that would be true  
But swelling empty; gushers of  
Fur's unfeeling, slightest change;  
And willow cannot be, but with himself  
To gushers empty, him that he is; still he is  
Who will stay his day;  
A God without a deity suggests  
When the Lord Attributions focus;  
By his own sense, and  
There is no God, but still a flame!  
Infidel words, profit and pay;  
Virtue pretence; and all the formal rules  
Religion teaches, which to empty faith:  
Justice would strike the conscious villain dead,  
But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head:  
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.  
Does not the Father, still in danger awe,  
Without restraint, his infancy pursue,  
Rejoice and glory in it too;  
Laugh at the Fool's choice, and ridicule his laws;  
Labour in vain his sense to excel,  
That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell,  
How wittily the fool was done'd, how hard he fell?  
Yet this will wretch in safety live,  
Blessings in common with the host receive;  
Tho' he is proud to affront the God those blessings give.  
The cheerful sun his influence spreads on all;  
Has no respect to good or ill:  
And fruitful show is without distinction fall,  
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures fill,  
The bounteous hand of heav'n's beflow  
Success and honour more takes on those  
Who scorn him for more, and care for his foes.

# XL

In lady Fisher's Church;

That with devout thoughts and desires  
Of such a pious man should be his prayer  
To this great God, our Father and our King,

With extasy divine, incessant praise;  
While on the glories of thy face they gaze,  
In the bright regions of eternal day.

To him each angel praises thee, O Lord,  
Whole hosts of angels praise thee, O Lord,  
In whom there are the best of men.

Of pity or fear, His tribute brings of joyful praises,  
For pardon given, and for grace given,  
Nay, the immortal crown of glory.

By perfect obedience to his word,  
Infinite honour to their Lord;

And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion lie.

With heav'n and earth then, O my soul, unite,  
And the great God of both adore and praise,  
Who gives thee competence, sustenance, and grace;  
The only fountain of founts delight  
That from the treasury of joy below,  
Thou, by a happy way may'st remove

To those invisible above;  
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,  
And neither end, decrease, nor diminish show.

# HEBREW VERSE

## ELIAHAB'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM: Preserved out of JOSEPHUS.

### STANZA I.

**A**LAS Jerusalem! alas! where's now  
Thy former glory, thy ancient renown,  
To which the Nations themselves did bow?  
Ah, hapless, miserable town!  
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,  
Thou once most noble, ornamented place,  
The joy and the delight of all the earth;  
Who gave thee to glorious princes birth,  
And bred up heroes, in immortal race?  
Where's now the vast magnificence, which made  
The feast of foreigners abroad  
Thy wondrous brightness, which no more  
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?  
Oh, misery! where's all her mighty state,  
Her splendid walls of adamant hings,  
Her noble officers, and noble things,  
Which made her form so eminently great,  
That haughty princes in her gates appear'd,  
And wealthy persons, as their tribute, brought,  
To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,  
And all her wide protection sought.  
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,  
See how her lofty buildings lie!  
See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!



Had we but seen the light of day,  
When first the sun's bright beams did rise,  
That all the world should see the King  
Himself, and all his royal train,  
The glorious King, who did appear  
Bring home the captive, and the King  
Whom all the world should see the King

Not dark their golden armour try?  
Where'er they fought, they certainly fought;  
And ev'ry combat gain'd a victory;  
Ah! where's the home of the Great King,  
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,  
To whose large treasury our feet did bring  
The gold and jewels of uncounted stuff?  
There had the infinite Creator plac'd

His terrible amazing name;  
And with his more peculiar presence grac'd  
That heav'nly sanctuary; where no mortal came,  
The high priest only; he but once a year,  
In that divine apartment might appear;  
So full of glory, and so sacred then;  
But now corrupted with the heaps of sin,  
Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty fane.

### III.

ALAS, Jerusalem! each spacious street  
Was once so full, the main road throng  
Was forc'd to pause as they pass'd along,  
And thousands did with thousands meet;  
The darling then of God, and man's beloved retreat.  
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,  
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unfix'd.  
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,  
Despising the most wealthy bribes,

But did the fated palace hold  
The golden throne, as of old times when  
The monarch sat, and by his side  
Was cast the crown of state, and  
And all the pomp and pageantry  
With which the king was wont to  
Thy palace was, and all the  
Was to be over our with that gold;  
While splendor did its glances appear,  
It would not and would not the eye;  
And strangers yelling, to themselves would cry,  
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!  
How thick the law of costly silver lie!  
O happy people! and still happy be,  
Cathedral city! from destruction free,  
May't then enjoy a long, entire prosperity!

IV.

BUT now, Oh wretched, wretched place:  
Thy streets and palace are spread  
With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,  
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race:  
Each corner of the town, no vacant space,  
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,  
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,  
Natives and strangers are together laid.  
Death's arrows all at random flew  
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,  
But both the coward and the valiant flew.  
All in one dismal ruin join'd,  
(For friends and foes are blind)  
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:  
Those that from far, with joyful haste,  
Came to attend thy festival,  
Of the same bitter potion taste,

And by the black, destruction pollen fall;  
For the avenging furnace pale on all.  
Oh! see how the delight of human eyes  
In horrid desolation lies!  
See how the burning ruins stand,  
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name:  
And the triumphant victor cries,  
This was the fam'd Jerusalem!

V. *Jerusalem's Ruins*

THE most obdurate creature must  
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,  
Those antient habitations of the just:  
And could the marble rocks but know  
The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,  
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,  
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,  
Their pity and concern to shew:  
For now, where lofty buildings stood,  
Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid:  
And all by this destruction made,  
One common *Golgotha*, one field of blood.  
See! how those antient men who rul'd thy state,  
And made thee happy, made thee great;  
Who sat upon the awful chair  
Of mighty Monarchs, in long scarlet clad,  
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad;  
Now sit in the corrupted air,  
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair!  
See how their murder'd children round 'em lie!  
Ah, dismal scene! hark how they cry!  
Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,  
Good heav'n! Alas! far we stand off!  
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die!

124 **Jerusalem's Destruction and Desolation:**

True they sleep, but how they sleep;  
While in their sleep, and now they hold  
The bodies of their citizens, all and each,  
To guard 'em from the common danger;  
Till their increasing numbers shall persuade  
(For death will have them, why he  
The baneful definition he has made)  
To put a period to all their misery.

Thy wretched daughters that survive  
Are by the Heathen kept alive  
Only to gratify their lust,  
And then be mix'd with common dust.  
Oh insupportable suspension woe!  
What shall we do! Ah! whither shall we go?  
Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,  
Where all our bitter passions are best  
With endless triumph, and eternal rest.

VI.

BUT who, without a flood of tears, can see  
Thy mournful, sad catastrophe?  
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie  
In ashes, and not be in pain to die?  
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes  
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast expanse,

Their mighty weight no mortal knows,  
Thought cannot comprehend, or words express:  
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good heav'n! had I been constantly dead,  
If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,  
Before this cruel war, this waste of days,  
Is death quite still'd his arrows spent?  
If not, why thus so many dull delays?  
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!

*Excerpted out of Joseph.*

Nay, at our only life we stand;  
Whoe'er shall wrongfully stand;  
Nay, though we live to die,  
Yet still we live, live in youth of pain!  
Our friends and relatives we bring;  
Nothing but mine would we bring;  
Nothing but defilement, woe, and misery!  
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,  
Our enemies without remain;  
Their discord engrosses us, and the war;  
And you may possibly preserve your heart,  
Or seek for freedom in the war.

*A. PINDARUS ESSAY.*

Thus then refuse: nor tremble at the thought;

Can glory be too dearly bought?

Since the Almighty Willing has decreed,

That we, and all our progeny, should bleed;

It shall be after such a noble way,

Succeeding ages will with wonder view

What brave despair compell'd us to:

No, we will ne'er survive another day.

Bring then your wives, your children, all

That's valuable, good or dear,

With ready hands, and place 'em here;

They shall unite in one vast funeral;

I know your courage is truly brave;

And dare do any thing but ill:

Who would an aged father save,

That he may live in chains and be a slave,

Or for remorseful enemies to kill?

Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow:

For what at any other time would be

The dire effect of rage and cruelty,



Is every, unkind, and every, cruel  
This then passes, and we are the same;  
And there, amidst our laughter's gleam,  
If 'tis strange, but true, you shall  
How you may live, and yet not die;  
Nay, more, and better, than I say.



## A PROSPECT OF DEATH A PINDARIC ESSAY.

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— *Sed omnia ante manes nos,*  
*Et corpus simulque lani.* — **HOMER.**

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### I.

**S**INCE we can die but once, and after death  
Our fate no mortal knows;  
But when we have resign'd our breath,  
Th' immortal spirit goes  
To endless joys, or dreadful woes:  
Wife is the man who labours to secure  
That mighty and important stake;  
And by all means he strives to make  
His passage safe, and his reception sure.  
Merely to die, no man of reason fears;  
For certainly we must,  
As we are born, return to dust:  
'Tis the last point of many longing years,

But whether then we shall be saved or lost,  
 Whichever, we this would know;  
 But human understanding cannot show.  
 This makes us tremble, and creates  
 Strange apprehensions in the mind;  
 Fills us with restless doubts, and wild debates,  
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find.  
 None know what death is, but the dead;  
 Therefore we go, by nature, dying dead,  
 As a strange, dreadful way, we know not how to tread.

### II. In the midst of the night

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
 And scarce have one brief, painful hour to live;  
 No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,  
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;  
 How moving, and how mournful is the sight!  
 How wondrous painful, how wondrous sad!  
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort to be had?  
 In the dark midnight of the dreadful night,  
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing sight?  
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
 Despairing to recover, void of rest;  
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:  
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

### III.

Our face is madden'd with a clammy sweat;  
 Faint and irregular our pulses beat;  
 The blood unflowing grows,  
 And thickens as it flows.  
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat,  
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
 Their light just going out;

And for finite kind distress call;  
 But pity, which pity's all  
 Our weeping sinners can give,  
 Or we receive;  
 Though their distress we great, their pow'rs are small,  
 The tongue's unable to declare  
 The pains and griefs, the miseries, we bear;  
 How insupportable our torments are.  
 Make us more diligent our deaming ears,  
 Relieves our joys, or dissipates our fears;  
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,  
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;  
 For ev'ry family, and ev'ry scale,  
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

## IV.

True, we are sensible too late,  
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great;  
 For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
 No consolation brings,  
 Riches and honour then are useless things,  
 Tasteless, or bitter all;  
 And, like the bark which the apostle eat,  
 To the ill-judging palate sweet,  
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.  
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,  
 But the remembrance of good actions past.  
 Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,  
 And makes pale death less terrible appear;  
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
 In the dark anti-chamber of the grave  
 What would we give (e'en all we have,  
 All that our care and industry have gain'd,  
 All that our policy, our fraud, our art obtain'd)

Could we recall that fatal hour again,  
Which we ourselves in foolish vanity

Amidst our follies hurried on to see,  
For then they saw our worst, and felt our pain.

Our friends and relations stand weeping by,

Diffid in vain, to see no day to come again,  
And plunge into the deep night of this vanity.

In vain they weep, in vain they grieve:

Their former loves are now no more;  
They pay our dearest friends no more.

But what else can they do?

To soften the distress of fate?

Besides, the future is uncertain too.

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,

Though they do successful prove,

Shew us how much, how tenderly they love;

But cannot cut off the cruel of death.

Mourning they look, and crowd about our bed:

One, with officious haste,

Brings us a tumbler we want fast to taste;

Another softly raises up our head;

This wipes away the sweat; then sighing, cries,

See what carelessness, what sloth you give!

Both soul and body wrings!

His pains no man can know;

For ev'ry gasp of air he draws, returns in fight.

Each would his kind assistance lend

To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;

But still in vain with jealousy they all contend.

**4. PARTING OF DEATH.**

**VI.**

O'er father, pale with grief and weeping gone,  
Take our sad heart in his, and bury with it;  
Alas, my child! now I must follow you:

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.  
Our fate, who's that who's gone,  
Woe dignify of our eyes, and of our fears,  
Come weeping to our aid, and, hushing, cry,  
Bless us, O father! now before you die;  
Bless us, and be thus blessed to all eternity.

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,  
Compassionate and kind,  
Goes, Will you leave me here behind?  
Without me fly to the blest's fair above?

Without me, did I fly? Ah, no!  
Without thy friend thou canst not go:  
For, though thou leav'st me growing here below,  
My soul with thee shall upward fly,  
And bear thy spirit company,  
Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.

Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
Incapable to separate  
(For 'tis not in the pow'r of fate)  
My friend, my love, my dearest friend, and me:

But, since it must be so, farewell;  
For ever! No; for we shall meet again,  
And live like Gods, though now we die like men,  
In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.

**VII.**

THE soul, unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal strife,  
Finding her weak endeavours vain,



To keep the world in awe,  
By slow degrees, without tumult or blood,  
And further than the world  
With all its kind of evils;  
Some might say, 'tis good,  
But death, which comes on night and day,  
A formal stage of life to lay,  
Summons his fatal train of woe,  
And in a minute turns the fable cruel.  
Sometimes we may capricious, and he

Pretends to make a false peace;  
But 'tis all sham, all guile,  
That we may prosper and awhile be;  
For, if his armies are victorious to-day,  
And we believe no danger near,  
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,  
His troops return from conquest;  
While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,  
The secret murder's done, and we die.

### VIII.

Since our first parents fell,  
Inevitable death descends on all;  
A portion none of human race can miss;  
But that which makes it fearful, is  
The fears of misery, or certain losses of life.  
For, when th' innocent and virtuous die,  
Loaded with crimes and misery,  
If any scale at that sad time remain,  
They feel amazing torments, mighty pain;  
The earnest of that vast, tremendous war,  
Which they to all eternity shall wage,  
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.  
Infernal spirits hover in the air,

Like no other vision, in the heart of man,  
 And hence the deepest love, the truest love,  
 To the dark, mysterious, and holy night,  
 Where they meet, and the heart is pure,  
 When the heart is pure, and the heart is pure,  
 Before a judge, and the heart is pure;  
 By which the heart is pure, and the heart is pure,  
 To conquering love, and the heart is pure.

## II.

But the good and, what soul is pure,  
 Unspoiled, unguessed, and free  
 From all the ugly, dark, and filthy,  
 Of every kind of passion, love,  
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night:  
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;  
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey  
 His soul, where he has taken his flight,  
 To the farthest reaches of immortal light.  
 Then the evil spirits, around him stand,  
 Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
 To oppose his passage to the promised land,  
 Or vex his thoughts with wild despair;  
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
 His joy is, his glory, his virtue, pure,  
 To plant his glory where he wants it most;  
 Not one of all the happy number's lost:  
 And that bright vision is or was success,  
 But when the soul's vision is the soul's morality,  
 She passes up to triumph through the sky;  
 Where's that vision to a glorious throng  
 Of angels, who, with a celestial song,  
 Congratulate her triumph in the sky.

It is the same as when we are young,

When, or how far we cannot know;

But late or early, we are free to go,

In the fresh bloom of youth, or when'd age,

We cannot stand the storm of fate.

In this imperfect, mortal state,

For, as we die, we must remain:

Hereafter all our hopes are vain,

To make our peace with him, or to return again.

The Heathen, who no better understood

Than what light of nature taught, declar'd,

No future misery could be prepar'd

For the sincere, the merciful, the good;

But if there was a state of rest,

They should with the same happiness be blest

As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, possesst.

We have the promise of the eternal truth,

Those who live well, and pass their pains, pursue,

To man, and to their Maker, true,

Let 'em expire in age, or youth,

Can never miss

Their way to everlasting bliss:

But from a world of misery and care

To mansions of eternal rest repair;

Where joy in full perfection flows,

And in an endless circle moves,

Through the vast round of benefic love,

Which no creation knows.

# REVENGE OF THE DEAD

## On the GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,

### And ETERNAL JUDGMENT.

#### A PASTORAL ESSAY.

*Ex quoque in factis, ramuliferis, aere tepus  
 Quae mare, quae tellus, curvataque regis caeli  
 Ardenti, ut flammis, hinc quae laborat. Ovid. Met.*

#### I.

**N**OW the black days of universal doom,  
 Which wretched progenies forecast, are come;  
 What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe.

Must shaking nature undergo,  
 Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!  
 Methinks I hear her, panting of her fate,

With fearful groans, and hideous cries,

Fill the profane air,  
 Unable to support the weight  
 Of the perfect, or approaching, doom.

Methinks I hear her, groaning all  
 Her guilty offspring, rising with despair,

And wailing, cry aloud, prepare,  
 Ye filthy pow'rs t' attend my funeral!

#### II.

See, for the tragical portents,  
 Those dismal hastenings of dire events!

Land-dreaded war, and daring lightning by  
Through the dark caverns of the vaulted sky;  
The fiery rage is kindled, and the air is light;  
See how the glowing masses flame! I burn, I burn!  
Like half-consumed, smoking cones, degraded  
To light the burning masses on the earth's broad plain;  
And, fast'ning round their giddy, giddy tops,  
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild career.  
Vast flocks of flame, and glades of fire,  
By an impetuous wind are driven  
Through all the regions of th' inferior heav'n;  
Till, hid in sulph'rous smoke, they seemingly expire.

### III.

SAD and amazing 'tis to see,  
What mad confusion reigns over all  
This scorching ball!  
No country is exempt, no nation free,  
But each partakes the universal misery.  
What dismal havoc of mankind is made  
By war, and pillage, and dread;  
Through the whole mournful earth!  
Which with a madd'ning fury they invade,  
Forsook by providence, and all propitious aid!  
Whilst souls are lost, and countless souls are slain,  
To misanthropic rage below;  
Their malice and revenge no longer cease,  
But in the universal tumult all decay.

### IV.

DETRACTED march from their cities they  
For safety to their thrones are galled;  
But there no safety can be found;  
The vengeance of an angry deity.



On the *Alps* *Mont Blanc*,  
With lightning *God* *thunder* *storm* *cloud* *rain*  
And *whirlwinds* *smoke* *fire* *light* *glare*  
The *Gods* *dry* *clouds* *before*;  
And *others*, *rising* *with* *their* *war*,  
(For *longer*, *thick*, *deeper*, *they* *unbroke*)  
*Highness* *and* *depth* *the* *poor* *they* *should* *glow*:  
The *clouds* *push'd* *up* *with* *thought*, *her* *just* *extreme*,  
And *opening* *with* *a* *disseal'd* *smoke*,  
The *howling* *avalanche* *at* *once* *descends*  
Together *all* *into* *her* *howling* *womb*.

V.

The *trumbling* *Alps* *shook* *their* *aged* *heads*  
In *mighty* *pillars* *of* *eternal* *fracture*,  
Which *from* *their* *hallowing* *caverns* *broke*,  
And *fell* *on* *whale* *meant* *where* *it* *spread*.  
*Sometimes* *the* *far* *white* *glaciers*  
The *massy* *river* *of* *that* *fiery* *glacier*,  
Which *held* *together* *their* *precipitous* *beds*,  
And *back* *the* *glacier* *to* *back* *of* *all* *the* *plains*,  
While *towns* *and* *villages*, *every* *thing* *below*,  
Is *overwhelm'd* *with* *the* *flow* *of* *the* *glacier*.

VI.

No *flame* *is* *glac'd* *from* *the* *unfading* *sky*,  
To *cool* *the* *boiling* *of* *the* *glacier* *bed*;  
The *towns* *no* *longer*, *no* *more* *the* *windows*, *yield*,  
But *all* *is* *harrow'd* *all* *is* *dry*.  
The *lake* *is* *no* *more*,  
To *haze* *from* *their* *trident* *pay*,  
Nor *to* *the* *climbing* *comes* *they*,  
Which, *with* *a* *strange* *would* *row*,  
Forbids *these* *mountain* *heads* *it* *would* *have* *pass'd* *before*,  
And *to* *the* *mountain* *deep* *in* *vain* *retires*:

For ev' the deep, dark, silent space,  
 The, shining, shining, shining, shining,  
 Increase the shining, shining, shining, shining,  
 Which neither earth, nor sky, nor water, nor air.

VII

The sun, by the sun, by the sun,  
 At the sun, by the sun, by the sun,  
 Which on the sun, by the sun, by the sun,  
 Is to the sun, by the sun, by the sun.

The night, by the night, by the night,  
 O'er the night, by the night, by the night,  
 Like a huge, dark, dark, dark, dark,  
 For the night, by the night, by the night,  
 The larger, darker, darker, darker, darker,  
 With the reflected rays of the sun's light,

Shook from their seats, without a sound,  
 Unwieldy globes of solid light,  
 And ruinous landmarks of the sky.

VIII

AMIDST this dreadful business of war,  
 (For fear, confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Fill ev'ry region of the waste'd earth and air)

The great archangel his host's trumpet blew;  
 At whose sounding, forth from their graves,  
 Upon expiring vapours, rising, and rising,  
 For now shall in fast minutes pass

The ultimate event and fate of all below.  
 Awake, ye dead, awake, ye dead;  
 (For all must come)

All that had human breath, arise,  
 To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the pious women, who the songs  
So many times had sung, and sung so long,  
No longer could their fingers hold the trembling strings,  
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.

The former's portion of human clay,  
Which in the first part of the world lay,  
Refuse their pious hands to hold,  
And now from earth, poor human race,  
Suspicious energy of fixed power,

Which can collect, whatever else,  
The smallest atom, and that large refuse,  
Which they had used to bury years before,  
That they should change, and that they should be changed,  
That they should change, and that they should be changed,

See how the joyful angels fly  
From every quarter of the sky,  
To gather, and to crown all,  
The pious sons of human race,  
To our capacious place,

Above the confines of this flaming hall,  
See with what thankfulness and love they bear  
Those righteous souls, who the sun's rays  
While the angels stand below,  
Raging with flame, confusion, and despair,  
Amidst the burning overthrow,  
Expecting heaven's reward, and never wet,  
Round them infernal spirits howling by;  
O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry,  
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

XL  
Hark how the daring sons of infancy,  
Who once dwell'd in pleasures lay,

And lo! 'tis in the twinkling of an eye,  
To judge and condemn all that are here;  
Their names are in the book of life;  
Their names are in the book of life;  
Their names are in the book of life;

That, when they appear  
Before a God in wrath, they should be heard,  
Amongst the burning ruins of the world,  
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.

Time was they would not own a deity,  
Nor after death a future state;  
But now, by sad experience led, too late,  
There is, and terrible to that degree,  
That rather than behold his face, they'd chuse to lie;  
And fore 'tis better, if heav'n would give consent,  
To have no being; but they must remain  
For ever, and for ever he in pain.  
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,  
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

XII.

BUT flow the eastern skies expanding wide,  
The Glorious Judge Omnipotent descends,  
And to the sublimary world his passage bends;  
Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once reside.  
Round him the bright æthereal seraphs fly,  
And loud triumphant hallichoins sing,  
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,  
To their Cælestial King;  
All glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,  
Now, and for everlasting ages, be  
To the essential *One*, and co-eternal *Three*.  
Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,  
Which saw the God incarnate bleed!  
Perish by thy Almighty vengeance those

Who dost thy power, O God, display;  
The world's great God, the world's great King;  
How to the universe thou dost reveal  
That our God is not a God of men;  
Not weaker, or less by one degree,  
And he who dwells in heaven above  
Of human nature took the form;  
Of human nature took the form.

XIII.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,  
The good behold this glorious fight;  
Their God in all his majesty appears,  
Ineffable, unending light,  
And seated on a throne of everlasting light,  
Round the tribunal, seat on the Most High,  
In sacred discipline and order, stand  
Peter and princes of the sky,  
As they stand in glory or command,  
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,  
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,  
Whole souls uttering all ignoble crimes,  
Did, with a steady course, pursue  
His holy precepts in the work of times,  
Mingled with virtue or hell, what man or devils could do;  
And now that God they did to death adore,  
For whom flesh torments and such pains they bore,  
Returns to place them on those thrones above,  
Where, undisturb'd, undey'd, they will possess  
Divine, substantial happiness,  
Unbounded as his pow'r, and lasting as his love.

XIV.

Go bring, the Judge imperial, frowning, cries,  
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;



What sorrowful and sad  
 For all my life, I have been  
 To first themselves, and then the world,  
 As this one million of mankind,  
 Swifter than lightning, or the wind,  
 And let them be as they are,  
 The wretched, woe, and pain;  
 Who with distressed spirits come  
 To hear their sad, lamenting tones,  
 Ah, they cry, our hearts are sore,  
 Then all-forgiving say,  
 To pardon crime is what we do;  
 Crush us to nothing, or fulfill our woe:  
 But if it cannot, cannot be,  
 And we must go into a gulph of fire,  
 (For who can with omnipotent power?)  
 Grant, for thou art a God, a way to life eternal,  
 And all our sins be as one,  
 Eternal burning, O, we cannot bear!  
 Though how our bodies be consumed,  
 Let 'em be purg'd to the last degree;  
 And let our pains unnumber'd be;  
 But let 'em not exceed to all eternity.

**XV. Quinquagesima Sunday.**

Lo, now there does no place remain  
 For penitence and tears, but all  
 Must by their actions stand or fall:  
 To hope for pity is in vain,  
 The dye is cast, and set to be recall'd again.  
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought:  
 In this, impartially recorded, stands  
 The law of nature, and divine commands:

Whence all my sorrows flow, and whence my griefs  
Thy hand has made, and thy hand has made me  
And made me feel thy love, and made me  
Attend by thee, and made me  
To see thy love, and made me  
In vain the great world, and made me  
A thing indifferent of all things  
What gain wilt thou of my personal care,  
And their substance's blood and spirit  
Be more to thee than all the world  
But in the least word of thy divine love.

#### XVI.

Come, now, my friend, be true, ye sons of grace,  
Praising one of all my wrongs and shame,  
Dignify me with your love and grace,  
Come to your Father's and your God's embrace;  
Alone, and thus I hope to pass,  
For you by my great Father made,  
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;  
And the Father's presence,  
Immaculate in my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.  
For when I was nothing in pain by,  
Naked and shew'd myself for want of bread,  
You did your hands when I was  
Both cloth'd and fed, and my hunger fed.  
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,  
Your hand was always ready to supply:  
Where'er I wanted, you was always by,  
To share my sorrow, or to give relief.  
In all distress, so tender was your love,  
I could no anxious trouble bear;



No black mixture  
But you were  
And in the  
All the  
In the  
And the  
In the  
A single  
And the  
Which never, never, never can expire ;

The vast depth of wisdom  
Will with that God the righteous  
In glory  
To joy

And with united hymns the God incarnate praise  
to Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Eternal God, Almighty God,  
He then for ever, and be thus alone  
By all thy creatures, constantly when  
Indissoluble, co-eternal Love  
Who from non-existence gave birth  
To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth  
Yet always was the same  
But for the  
Those things  
Could we have  
Therefore all glory, be with thee, infinitely  
To thee, O God, to thee  
For ever, longer than for ever, be.

XVIII.  
Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face  
To those upon the left, and cries,  
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)  
Ye sinners, unobscuring race

# REMAINS

Of the Reverend

Mr. POMFRET.

VIZ.

REASON. *A Satire.*

*Dies Novissima:* Or, *The LAST*  
EPIPHANY. *A Pindaric Ode.*



REMAINS

Of the Reverend

MR. POMFREY.

VIZ.

REASON.

Does Nothing. Of The Last

REASON.

*Some Account of Mr. Pendarvis,  
and his Writings.*

**T**HE two following pieces, viz. *The Remains of the Reverend Mr. Pendarvis*, were lately found among some other papers of a private person, in the custody of an intimate friend.

The first of them, intitled, *Reasons why we were in him in the year 1700, when the dissenting ministers the doctrine of the Trinity were counted as well as men, but by the clergy not against another, that King William was obliged to interpose his royal authority, in order to end to that pernicious controversy, through an act of parliament, strictly forbidding any person to publish any thing contrary to this subject.* It is a most judicious and very just sense upon the controversy, and is a most pure; and was published by Mr. Pendarvis, at the time it was wrote. The next intimation of it came in another person, when he collected them into a volume, was on account of his having received very signal favours from some of the persons therein mentioned: But there, as well as he, being now dead, it is hoped that the arrival of it at this juncture, will answer the same good purposes intended by the author in its original composition.

The other, intitled, *Dies Nativitas: or, The Last Epiphany: a Pindaric ode on Christ's second appearance to judge the world*, is now printed from a manuscript under his own hand. It must be, indeed, confessed, that many excellent pens have exercised their talents upon this subject; but yet notwithstanding the different manner in which they have treated it, I dare say, there will be found such a holy warmth animating this pious thought, that,



The first of these is the *History of the*  
*County of Devon*, by John Smith, Esq.  
 published in 1727. It is a very  
 curious and interesting work, and  
 contains a great deal of valuable  
 information. The second is the  
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 contains a great deal of valuable  
 information.





# REASON, A POEM

Unhappy man, who thought himself young,  
From early youth to this intellectual age;  
No sinner here, but guilty & full of sin;  
For infinite English is a sinner's sin.  
The chains of flesh will hold our thinking fast,  
And yet our conscience of the English nation  
English, 'tis true, should not be thus misled,  
Control our senses, and our judgment guide:  
But false opinions, wrong to be held,  
Humbly the first, and long the English mind.  
English's way, which has lately been,  
A foolish race, the English nation;  
We fast a little while, and then a little more;  
We used by the night, and then by day;  
But quickly dying, it follows us fast,  
Like morning dew, that never stays all night.

Thus find our senses where the body lies,  
And all we find, is with corrupted eyes;  
Life now shows itself, and gives us light to see;  
We make our judgment, and our eyes all day;  
That we're not light, and that we're not alive,  
Is now possible, and a strange thing;  
A wilderness of confusion, with  
Of night and day, of feeling and of sight;  
Through an uncertain medium now we look,  
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:  
So says projected from the Eastern side,  
That the false day before the sun can rise.

REASON TO  
And yet, at last, what shall we gain;  
A longer, busier, sadder day than this.

THE passion that perishment will rule,  
Ungovern'd, wild, not bred in *Reason's* school;  
Our understanding they will, *reason* fill,  
Cause strong convictions, and prevent the will:  
On these, the soul, in an *inner* world,  
Must sit, and on the *inner* world  
Hurry'd away; for how can he be freed  
The *inner* world of the *inner* world,  
Be gone, false hope, for all our *inner* vain,  
Can we be free when *reason* is the *inner* main;  
These are the *inner* of knowledge which we use,  
The *inner* *inner*, will *inner* things *inner*,  
Tell me what'er the *inner* could *inner*,  
Or from the *inner* of the *inner*:  
Till this is done, our *inner* are vain,  
To conquer *inner*, and *inner* knowledge gain.  
Through all the *inner* of the *inner*,  
And through *inner* that *inner* have *inner*,  
With *inner* we *inner*, in *inner* *inner*,  
Where *inner* our *inner* is our *inner*;  
O'er run with *inner*, *inner* so *inner*,  
Our *inner* proves *inner*, no *inner* of *inner*.

WHAT'S in the *inner* of the *inner*,  
But idle *inner* of *inner* *inner*,  
Who *inner* *inner* with *inner* *inner*;  
What in *inner*'s *inner* works are *inner*,  
Does not enlighten *inner*, but *inner*?

# REASON A POOR

133

Who could have thought that day, that day,  
A cloud of darkness hung at the day;  
In unwarmed paths we wander long,  
When passion or power, the leader is strong?  
Then his new axioms that he would hold,  
And clear the ground of his old;  
But, by unkindly wit, he would them show;  
And made them darker than they were before;  
South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal;  
Shewing how well he could dispute and rail,  
How shall we e'er discover which is right,  
When both so strongly maintain the fight?  
Each does the others arguments deride;  
Each has the church and scripture on his side.  
The sharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jest;  
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, one the best.  
How shall we know which opinion are true,  
The old ones of the church, or Reason's new?  
In paths uncertain and unsafe we tread,  
Who blindly follow others foolish lead;  
What sure, what certain mark have we to know  
The right or wrong 'twixt Bury, Wake, and Howe.

Should nature'd nature cure the sick art;  
What health can that contentious rule impart?  
Every physician wears a different bill,  
And gives no other medicine but his will.  
No longer boast your art, ye impious race;  
Let wars 'twixt alchemies and acids cease;  
And proud G——H with Colbeck be at peace.  
Gibbons and Railciffe do but muddy gash;  
To-day, they've good; to-morrow, no success.

And, that this one, who's free, should be a slave,  
While others, who are free, are still in bonds;  
And, that this one, who's free, should be a slave,  
While others, who are free, are still in bonds;  
The point does the body serve, but reason you will find  
A cure he wants, though not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world's great law, we share,  
And, knowing this, we still as know no more.  
What education did it bid receive,  
Our signs'd age teaches us to believe;  
The useful arts, and piety, are all we need,  
To have opinions, and our country's creed:  
The parents' precepts only are to follow,  
And spoil the age, while they instruct the child.  
To what hard fate is longer that betray'd,  
When thus inglorious fate's a victim made?  
When education's name was still prevail'd,  
And taught to cherish the great common law?  
Then, from the time we first began to know,  
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,  
Nor judge of things by universal light:  
Our passions and affections bind  
The soul in chains, and lead it o'er the mind;  
And if self-interest be but in the case,  
Our unexamined principles may pass.  
Good heav'n! that man should thus himself deceive,  
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!  
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,  
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd;  
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,  
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.

† Sir Richard Blackmore.

When erst made bold to venture on the sea,  
To disengage her from the narrow strait,  
But death appears, and she is lost.

Those who would venture on the sea,  
The deep bright path of the ocean wide,  
From many dangers and shipwrecks free,  
And more than Scylla and Charybdis dread,  
Oh! what an ocean must be waded,  
To gain a prospect of the future good,  
Refilling rocks oppose the onward way,  
And adverse waves retard it to the end.

Does not that fearful darkness we see  
To men that live a long time, and see  
What odd, preposterous paths at last we tread,  
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead?  
Will we a lesson from the dead learn,  
To worship our own, and not the Maker's hand?

The res' and figs, with vast esteem, we prize:  
He liv'd long here, and must be wiser than we.

Thus are we debtors to the former dead,  
For all those errors which their fancies bred:  
Errors indeed! for real knowledge fly'd  
With those first times, not further was convey'd;  
While light opinions are much lower brought,  
For on the waves of ignorance they float:  
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,  
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose these many dreadful dangers past,  
Will knowledge dawn, and light the mind at last?  
Ah! no! his new images from our eyes,  
Hides all its charms, and will never let us see.



**◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆**

**A Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance, to judge the World.**

1.

A brighter post involves my wife,  
And better thoughts and natures does inspire.

See looking down you climb, he stands,  
And promises silence with his hands.

I feel the lightning's fire; but every lightning  
Transient, says the sage, and all is vain;  
How my heart burns, and grows more vain!

I feel, I feel, beneath the lightning's fire:

The weighty burden of the world, that all  
And overburdened, and all is vain;

Some make their hearts, and some their souls,  
Or feel more large, or deeper to the soul;

And, brighter yet, the world is all  
And each gay laughing throng is all;

—In vain the fair, and all is vain;

I rave, with useless effort;

I rise, the mountain's height, and all is vain;

And now I mix, unending, with the world;

The leading Deity I have in view;

Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will befall.

II.

We pass through regions of the world's light;

I gaze, and sicken'd at the blissful light;

A shudd'ring paleen's fix'd my look:

At last the path flew off, and thus I spoke;

" Say, sacred guide, shall the bright ones

" Survive the fatal test of time,

" Or perish with our mortal frame below,

" When you see no longer shine?

Straight I finish'd—verging low,

The visionary pow'r rejoins:

" 'Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,

" The niceties of this tremendous day.

" Know when o'er-judg'd Time his round has run,

" And finish'd are the paths of the sun,

" The great decisive hour shall rise,

" And heav'n's bright judge appear in opening skies;

# THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

- " Daniel gave and John had fallen  
" On all the swelling world below.

He said, "I shall, and then would'st thou?"

- " What offer, answer danger, what  
" Shall the swelling day reveal?"

He answer'd not—

- " Alas! fight with their crime,  
" What words profess to their white eye:  
" That was the losing time,  
" The sun hid from the rising sky:  
" Dull'd they lay in fallow earth,  
" And still in hazy peace;  
" In darkness they did their lives consume,  
" And darkness led on their fast advancing doom.

## IV.

ADULT'RAVE Chris already rise,  
And dare it' allege the angry fires;  
Ereatic through their Saviour's blood deny,  
And from the cross, oh! he does negligent sigh;  
The anti-christian pow'r has rais'd his hydra-head,  
And vain, only life than Jesus' health, does spend.  
So long the gun through poison'd wine has flow'd,  
That freely water is a fury's blood;  
Yet specious smiles, and fair disguise,  
The monster's shape, and evil design, betrays  
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's guise,  
He quells, and fractures the contagious spleen;  
Straight, when he smites his Jewish reign,  
Plagues shall point the shining spear,  
Quick as the lightning which informs the train.



## THE LAST REVERSE.

FORWARD on their path shall march the day,  
 And none from her midst, under day;  
 Black tempest, gathering from the sea around,  
 In harvest clouds shall gather;  
 And, as they march, in distant lands shall stand,  
 The rival thunder from the clouds shall stand,  
 And lightning join the battle band;  
 The blast-wing scud o'er the sea shall stand,  
 And universal terror stand;  
 Loud issuing peals, and rising flames of smoke,  
 Th' enormous'd regions of the air shall shake;  
 The noisy main shall hiss the full-winged flame,  
 And from the rocks the bounding billows run;  
 Black thunder hurls, the lightning burns,  
 And making voids to heaps of other things,  
 The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,  
 And rugged winds the smoking oaks send.

## VI.

REVERSE all nature's web shall run,  
 And speckle misrule, all around,  
 Order, in flying far, confusion;  
 Whilst backward all the clouds shall hark to the reverse.  
 Triumphant Chase, with his oblique wind,  
 (The wind with which, we now began)  
 His wand'ring faces he did command,  
 (And made 'em stranger sight, and in dark night run)  
 The battle lanterny shall cheer;  
 And as the nymph resigns her place,  
 And passing to the neighbouring refuge flies,  
 The formless ruffian flings him with his eyes,  
 And following, flames the passing deer's retreat;  
 Adding the terror of his chase,

# THE NIGHT SUFFERER.

The globe full slowly swells and round,  
 And hush'd is all the world with the sound.  
 Swave's a calm and hush'd of night,  
 The falling dew full from the world retire,  
 Signs of his dying, when of far;  
 Which dawning sun had send a hush'd of light.  
 No fall asleep, but all official shade,  
 Not yielding to peaceful sleep,  
 While sleep is yet in power in the womb;  
 Not glowing in the sun, with flow'ers summer play'd,  
 A jany mixture of the darkness, found  
 O'er the sun's face, when the sun's head;  
 And then which sleep does  
 O'er the sun's face, when the sun's head;  
 Which sleeping glaze for this mistle,  
 And sleep, all their hanging for the shock,  
 And sleep, all their hanging for the shock,  
 Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

## VIII.

Now bolder face appear,  
 Glowing and gay as falling dew,  
 Yet mark'd with scars when he fled th' ethereal court,  
 And plung'd into the opening gulph of night.  
 A flow' of internal flame I burn,  
 And, with this eye, his flaming plane I tore;  
 And straight the soul was sent from the light.

## IX.

Measures the lambent prodigies on high,  
 Take gamboling measures in the sky;



Joy'd with his former state, the double state  
In chains to th' common slavery;  
And belov'd to his offspring's tears and sighs;  
Apprehending how they sit, and how they fly,  
And their each smile, tear, and saddest sigh.

X.

THE moon turns pale in the light,  
And all the living stars dim their light;  
The lightning, with its loud roll,  
A train of glancing waves down hurls,  
Which o'er the rumbling world prevail;  
Wing'd and blown on by flames of wind,  
They show the hidden lamps no other kind  
Of sight, that speak her close and certain end,  
And there crouch her awful head.  
In sev'nfold winding jet her crimson tapers bend.

XI.

THE stars next, flowing from their sphere,  
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;  
While this with double fury glows,  
And medicines new wear,  
And wheels in friction gross are set,  
Its neighbour shall advance to fight;  
And while each effort to engage is tight,  
The general ruin shall invent,  
And banish all the victims of peace.  
No more the stars with pale beams  
Shall twinkle o'er the midnight flames.  
But travel downward to behold  
What mince 'em to be smoking there;  
And the Narcissus, as they gaze upon her.

On high, and low, and round about them,  
As if they were the wheels of a great mill,  
And all the world was but a mill-stone,  
And all the world was but a mill-stone.

XII.

When the world was but a mill-stone,  
And all the world was but a mill-stone,  
They sat, and unperceived have the flies,  
Which fall about, and all their strength in the noise.  
Then for the mighty Judge, whose light is bright,  
Check'd to the highest level of light;  
His wings the chariot, whose chariot bear:  
And with his wings the chariot bear:  
And with his wings the chariot bear:  
Hark as he falls, then falling in their light,  
In his light with our master's eye,  
And with his wings the chariot bear:  
Then wing to their seats they close,  
And flying, left they start, a falling caravan compose.

XIII.

Then the mighty Judge, whose light is bright,  
Whose mighty guards his orders wait:  
His wings the chariot bear:  
Bright as the sun, whose light is bright,  
And with his wings the chariot bear:  
Strong beams of light, whose light is bright,  
And the transference of his light ally:  
His Father's light, whose light is bright,  
And with his wings the chariot bear:  
My mind is light, whose light is bright,  
And with his wings the chariot bear:

Chide with counsel gentle, and with words of wisdom true.

XIV.

Now for magnificent show,

To brighten and enlarge the joyful time,

Shall we exult in his name, and sing his praise,

And swell the laud of his puissant arm;

The nimble ministers of bliss or woe

We shall attend, and save or deal the blow,

As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

XV.

THE welcome news

Thro' every angel's breast fresh raptures shall diffuse,

The day is come,

When Satan with his pow'rs shall sink to endless doom,

No more shall we his hostile troops pursue

From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

XVI.

THEN Raphael, big with life, the trumpet shall sound:

From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,

And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:

Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,

Then when, from Sinai's hill,

In thunder, through the loud sed'ning smoke,

Th' Almighty spoke,

We'll shout around with martial joy,

And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our

Then first th' archangel's voice, aloud [shouts reply.

Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,

And hallelujah, fill the crowd;

And I perhaps, shall close the song.

And the the more and judge following in the slain :  
 To their old mansion the fresh morn. [faint]  
 While down the flow of hour's as fast the Judge de-  
 Thick look shadowy light, no more to morn ;  
 While, for ; dimpled looks you faking shades attend.  
 The finite no more shall conflict on the deep,  
 Her rugged waves infest the hab'ring ship ;  
 But from the wreck is triumph they arise,  
 And borne to bliss, shall tread empyreal skies.



**F I N I S.**

